

# The TATLER

Vol. CXLIV. No. 1879

London  
June 30, 1937



REGISTERED AS A  
NEWS PAPER FOR  
TRANSMISSION IN THE  
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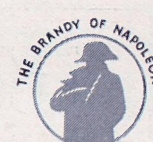
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# The TATLER

Vol. CXLIV. No. 1879. London, June 30, 1937

POSTAGE: Inland, 2d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 4d. Price One Shilling



*Hav Wrightson, New Bond Street*

HER HIGHNESS PRINCESS MARIE LOUISE, G.B.E., V.A., C.I.

Princess Marie Louise, Dame Grand Cross of the British Empire, Lady of the Order of Victoria and Albert, and Lady of the Order of the Crown of India, is the younger daughter of H.R.H. the late Princess Christian, and granddaughter of H.M. Queen Victoria. Princess Marie Louise lives at Schomberg House, Pall Mall, with her sister, Princess Helena Victoria. Both Royal ladies are indefatigable in helping good causes, any charitable undertaking honoured by Their Highnesses' patronage being also assured of their enthusiastic personal interest. Princess Marie Louise is seen here in the lovely golden gown she wore at the Coronation





ROYAL FAMILY

GREETINGS AT THEIR MAJESTIES' GARDEN PARTY

This charming photograph forgerathered in the garden the left greeting Princess

Kent. Princess Margaret is kissing the Duchess of Gloucester, Princess Elizabeth is talking to the Duke of Gloucester, behind whom are the Earl of Athlone and the Earl of Harewood, and the Duchess of Kent advances to make her curtsy to the Queen Mother, facing whom is Lady Patricia Ramsay. On the extreme left is the Princess Royal. Princess Marie Louise and Princess Alice Countess of Athlone were also in the Royal party

**L**IFE goes on! A little wearily, perhaps, for chaperons wilting against the wall, but still joyously for the debutantes and young marrieds who have grown familiar with a grey dawn breaking over the chimney-pots as they journey bedwards.

Another three weeks or so and this Coronation Season will be at an end.

The King and Queen have worked through a strenuous programme with unflinching tact and good humour; they would be less than human if they did not breathe a sigh of relief when the time comes for them to go to the fresh air of Balmoral and enjoy a respite from ceremonial.

The first Royal Garden Party of the reign provided unexpected surprises.

The grey-top-hatted Gentlemen of the Household were unprepared for the demonstration of curiosity inspired by loyalty and affection exhibited by the guests, the majority of whom came from overseas.

So when the Queen came to make the usual tour across the lawn of Buckingham Palace among the guests she found herself so closely hemmed in by visitors that it was almost impossible to move.

The Duchess of Northumberland, in attendance on Her Majesty, kept a watchful eye on the small Princesses, who followed close on their mother's heels. There were moments when this affectionate "mobbing" became positively embarrassing, and led to "hold-ups," while the

## PANORAMA



THE FOREIGN MINISTER PAYS HIS WAY

Mr. Anthony Eden buying an Alexandra rose outside No. 10 Downing Street after conferring with the Prime Minister on the latest developments of the Spanish situation. Our Foreign Minister has no easy row to hoe just now when we are blamed for everything that may occur—yet he may take much credit for all that which has not occurred

Gentlemen in attendance begged the guests to "Stand back a little, please!" The requests mostly fell on deaf ears; guests had come thousands of miles to England, and they didn't mean to lose an opportunity of seeing their Queen at close quarters if they could help it. But Queen Elizabeth smiled sweetly, shook hands, and made a slow but determined progress towards the Royal tent, managing to look as if being almost jostled by scores of too enthusiastic subjects was a usual and pleasant experience.

Towering above most of the guests, and with a couple of almost as tall Nigerians in attendance, was the Alake of Abeokuta who, judging by the number of times I have seen him at social gatherings, has a taste for parties. His choice of a garden-party dress was an unusual cloak of red velvet decorated with golden yellow braid, with the elephant emblem, which seems to be the equivalent of his crest, introduced. His now famous yellow beaded cap, on the top of which a group of yellow birds (worked in beads) are grouped round an elephant as the central figure, crowned the most striking costume at the party. The group was completed by his daughter, whose brown turban headdress had flying ends, and who kept her rug-like green and fawn wrap hugged closely round her. One of the two attendants, clad in equally striking style, carried a tall staff with more beadwork in yellow, red, white and blue for decoration.

While watching garden-party



history being made I saw Countess Baldwin in a creamy beige lace dress, Lady Anglesey, one of the guests in the Royal tea tent, Lady Alexandra Metcalfe in scabious-blue and a black coat split at the sides, the Sultanah of Johore, Mrs. Neville Chamberlain, Lady Diana Cooper, graceful and lovely, in a long-skirted beige dress, with a red hat, the Duchess of Sutherland, and, of course, a host of others.

\* \* \*

Another memorable and crowded occasion of the week, where Royalty was also the attraction, was the opening night at the Lyric Theatre of *Victoria Regina*.

The most sanguine expectations of a "record" night were surpassed. And for once punctual arrivals were spared the discomfort of squeezing out of the way of late-comers, for there were no late-comers! The theatre was filled to capacity several minutes before the curtain went up. The crowd that was in the foyer when the Duke and Duchess of Kent arrived faded away after they had passed into the theatre. No one wanted to miss a moment of the most-talked-of play for years.

Descendants of Queen Victoria (besides the Duke of Kent, Lord Louis Mountbatten, who came with him, and Lord Milford Haven were in the house) watched incidents in her life from girlhood to old age. Pamela Stanley, heroine of the evening, kept us enthralled from start to finish.

Who was there? The best answer is who was not! Lady Louis Mountbatten in white, Lady Zia Wernher, whose dance, planned for this evening at The Someries, Regent's Park, is for her débutante daughter, Georgina, the Brownlows, the Duchess of Sutherland, all the "regular first-nighters," and as many others as could be squeezed in.

\* \* \*

Pamela Stanley went on, as did many others of the audience, to a really lovely party.

There have been many elaborate preparations for parties this season, marquees, built-out ballrooms, and so forth, but Mr. Edward Hulton, determined to do the thing really thoroughly last week, had entirely



THEIR MAJESTIES AT THE OPERA: THE KING AND QUEEN AND, BEHIND, LORD HAMBLETON

Their Majesties paid their first visit to a London theatre since their Coronation when they went to Covent Garden for the performance of Borodin's *Prince Igor*. They are seen here during the performance accompanied by Lord Hambleton



AT WIMBLEDON: COUNT AND COUNTESS VON HAUGWITZ-REVENTLOW

repainted or distempered the ballroom and all the sitting-rooms of 11, Hill Street for the one night only! He bought the house from Lord Glentanar, and is having the staircase pulled down, and many other structural alterations made that will take nearly a year to complete, and for which an architect is coming over from Paris.

But before the work could even be started Mr. Hulton decided to give a party with Lady Annaly, so he set the workmen to apply gallons of cream paint and distemper over the old decorations, of which enough still showed through the white to give a suspicion of colour. The morning after, as the caterer's men were going out an army of workmen walked in to start practically gutting the inside of the house. The party was the idea of Lady Annaly, who is Chairman of the Overseas League Welcome Committee, and felt—quite rightly—that some gesture of gratitude ought to be made to all those

They were among the many thousands who were present on the opening day of the annual tennis pilgrimage. Countess von Haugwitz-Reventlow, the former Miss Barbara Hulton, had a national interest in the tournament in view of the high chances of her U.S. compatriots, notably Donald Budge and Alice Marble

who have entertained overseas visitors during the past few months. At the enormous dinner party before the dance Mr. Hulton had Mrs. Neville Chamberlain on his right, and Lady De La Warr on his left at a long horseshoe-shaped table.

At the dance afterwards Lady Annaly received the guests with Mr. Hulton amidst great bowls of mixed red and pink roses, and there were wreaths of the same flowers hanging on the walls. Supper tables were set round the ballroom, with silver chairs instead of the usual gold variety, and the tablecloths were of white net spangled with silver sequins, whilst the buffet was draped in green and silver.

There was a great crowd, but I remember Princess Bishnu of Nepal—a lovely figure in a gleaming golden sari, with emerald and diamond bracelets, and immense cabochon emeralds in her ears; the Brazilian

(Continued overleaf)



AT THE MIDNIGHT MATINÉE AT THE COLISEUM: THE ROYAL PARTY

This occasion was in aid of the National Hospital for Nervous Diseases, and some forty well-known artistes contributed to the programme. In the picture are the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, Princess Alice and the Earl of Athlone, the Duke and Duchess of Kent and Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten



## PANORAMA—continued

Ambassador with Madame Regis de Oliveira, who had an original feather cockade in her hair; Lord Hartington, the Maharajah of Cooch Behar, Lady Doris Gunston, and Lady Max-Muller, smiling and animated, as usual.

Also at this party, and at the dinner that preceded it, was Mr. William Teeling, a clever and popular young man, whose latest book, "The Pope in Politics," had been published the same day. This is his fourth or fifth book, some of which deal with his world travels and adventures as a "hobo" or tramp in an effort to find out how the other half live. Mr. Teeling gave a London garden party recently at a delightful old house in Swan Walk, Chelsea, where I met Ratu Edward Thakobau of Fiji, the great-grandson of King Thakobau, who ceded Fiji to Queen Victoria. The Ratu Edward, which, I believe, corresponds to Prince of Wales, was in the Coronation procession, and, in accordance with the custom of his people, invariably wears a skirt, which at the garden party was a smartly tailored affair of blue serge with a fine pin stripe.

Captain Macnamara, M.P., who is looking after the child refugees from Bilbao, was off to visit his charges. Mrs. Robert Bruce told me she had just bought a new house at Littlestone, and others sitting or strolling about the charming little garden were Dame Rachel Crowdy, Lord Iddesleigh, Sir William Shenton, who is over here from Hong Kong, and Sir William Sowden, who comes from Adelaide.

Of course, there have been cocktail parties by the dozen—I wonder how much gin has been consumed this season, not to mention the tons of potato chips! It is hospitality at its easiest, with the least exertion, but how it ruins one's carpets; spots everywhere!

Visiting Indians, including Princess Bishnu of Nepal, Raj Kumar Prithi Singh, who played No. 1 in the Bhopal polo team, and Prince Indra Jit of Cooch Behar, were among those who drifted in and stayed "put" all the evening at Miss Batlivala's cocktail party.

Young Lord Macduff, too, was a guest; he's a delightful young man with a charming smile and a quiet, unassuming manner. Needless to add, he's in great request by the numerous dance hostesses with daughters to bring out this season.

Here, too, was the Argentine polo player, Mr. Hugh Salmon Backhouse, Count Palestri, Military Attaché at the Italian Embassy, the Doverdales, pretty Patricia Dane, the Raj Kumar of Mysore, and Prince Jit Sing of Kapurthala.

It was a big tribute to the hostess that 4.30 a.m. saw a considerable band of tireless débutantes still revolving round the floor of Claridge's at Lady Guthrie's dance for her daughter, Diana—or "Didi," as she is known to her friends. It was, I thought, a charming gesture when Mr. Giles Guthrie, the good-looking son of the house, of air-record-breaking fame, opened the ball with

his sister, who was in deep rose-pink chiffon with roses scattered on the full skirt.

Meanwhile, Sir Connop and Lady Guthrie received their 600 guests, Lady Guthrie looking very well in white chiffon with a high tiara, and amusing gloves of white lace. An original touch was the band of gypsy musicians that moved about the supper room playing to each table in turn, and, unknown to me, was the iced beef-tea consommé that put new life into the mothers and chaperones until the bacon and egg breakfasts started.

At Lady Guthrie's suppers were Lady Anglesey, in white with a silver net Juliet cap, Lord and Lady Sackville, and Lord and Lady Carisbrooke, who gave a dinner-party of twenty beforehand for their daughter. Others who brought on dinner parties were the hostess's sister, Anne Lady Selsdon, who was wearing some fine diamonds with a black dress, and Miss Lettice Pelham-Clinton, who was in natter blue with a shoulder spray of red and white camellias. In her party was Beryl Johnson, who was being teased by her friends on being one of Lord Townshend's "pick of 1937's prettiest three debs." She told me that a fellow débutante has invited her to a "rest party"—presumably as a respite from the rigours of the Season! Lady Jean Ogilvy, for whom Mrs. Bingham gave a dance the following night, was also at Lady Guthrie's, as well as Miss Rosemary Drummond in a pretty printed dress, Lady Honor Vaughan and her sister, Lady Gloria Fisher, and Miss

Cynthia Toulmin, now quite recovered from the motor accident, of which I wrote last week.

Mrs. (Barbara) Back's very original luncheon party was a great success last week. Lady Carisbrooke sat opposite Dame Marie Graham Browne (our beloved Marie Tempest), who was in pale biscuit colour from head to tiny feet, and is far and away the most exquisite soignée person I know.

She told me that she is selling her delightful house and garden in Avenue Road, and taking a flat in Avenue Close, a short distance away, where she will live with "Fanny," her devoted white Aberdeen terrier.

All the arts and professions were represented at this amusing party—composer Geoffrey Toye with his wife, playwright Merton Hodge, Mr. Gordon Selfridge, Collie Knox, Martita Hunt and Beverley Nichols among others.

It poured with rain almost without ceasing on the night of the ball given in the Inner Temple Hall.

Luckily the hosts had provided an ample supply of bars to cheer us up. There were three in the Parliament Chamber, usually sacred to the Benchers, with a liberal and apparently unending supply of champagne and caviar.

The String Band of the Royal Artillery played in the library, and though no one could venture out into the flood-lit garden, the supper marquee was, fortunately, quite waterproof, and the supper marvellous.

Mr. J. S. Elias, who was recently created a Coronation peer, is taking the title of Lord Southwood of Fernhurst.



DOWN AT HURLINGHAM CLUB

The Hon. Eileen Brougham, Lord Brougham's only sister, having supper with Maj.-General Sir William Bartholomew at the Midsummer Night's Ball, held at Hurlingham in aid of the Victoria Hospital for Children. Maj.-General Sir William Bartholomew, G.O.C. British troops in China, is home on leave from Hong Kong



LORD AND LADY DELAMERE

At the first night of *Floodlight*, the all-Beverley Nichols revue with a romantic flavouring, which is at the Saville Theatre and has Frances Day and Hermione Baddeley as its big names. Lord Delamere's country place is Vale Royal, in Cheshire, but he and his wife, who is a cousin of H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester, are in London as often as not



# THE IRISH DERBY AT THE CURRAGH



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PHOTOS: POOLE, DUBLIN  
LORD CHARLES CAVENDISH, CAPTAIN CECIL BOYD-ROCHFORD, LADY CHARLES CAVENDISH, MRS. DOMINIC MORE-O'FERRALL AND MRS. SCHLESINGER



MR. J. J. PARKINSON AND THE RT. HON. ROBERT DIXON, M.P.

Phideas won the Irish Derby for Sir Victor Sassoon, scoring his owner's fourth classic of the year. Having won the Irish Two Thousand Guineas, this horse has a good chance to equal the record of Museum, his half-brother, who is the only winner of the Irish Triple Crown, and is owned by the same sportsman. Of the people who came to see the race, Lord William Beresford is Joint-Master of the Waterford. Miss Keane's father, Lt.-Col. R. H. Keane, was Master of the West Waterford from 1920-23. Mr. W. J. Sims left his salmon fishing in Donegal for the occasion; he is a son of Mr. H. J. Sims, who won the Asco Gold Vase two years ago. Mr. Peter Burrell is a son of Sir Merrik Burrell; he is Assistant Manager of the National Stud in Ireland and a former Joint-Master of the Kildare. Lord Dunalley, whose home is in Tipperary, has earned fame as an author. Lord Charles Cavendish and his charming wife, the former Miss Adele Astaire, are seen in a group which includes Captain Boyd-Rochford, one of Newmarket's most prominent trainers, and two sisters, Mrs. More-O'Ferrall and Mrs. Schlesinger, widow of the South African millionaire, who raced for some years in Ireland before his death. Mr. Parkinson trains at the Curragh and is a very successful owner as well. Captain Dixon is also an owner; he is Chief Unionist Whip in the Northern Ireland Parliament



# THE CINEMA

## That Questionnaire Again!

By JAMES AGATE

OUR Sidney has been at it again! And I do not mean Mr. Carroll, for if I did, like Tony Weller, I should have to spell it with a "y." In other words, Mr. Sidney Bernstein has issued another Questionnaire, and with his usual incredible industry has compared and collated the answers thereto. The amount of work involved will be realised when I say that he has issued three hundred and twenty-five thousand (325,000) copies of his Questionnaire and has received just half that number of replies. His report begins, as before, with a list of film stars in their order of popularity. The first twenty among the males are as follows:—

- |                       |                         |
|-----------------------|-------------------------|
| (1) Gary Cooper.      | (11) Leslie Howard.     |
| (2) Clark Gable.      | (12) Fred Astaire.      |
| (3) Charles Laughton. | (13) Spencer Tracy.     |
| (4) Robert Taylor.    | (14) Herbert Marshall.  |
| (5) Ronald Colman.    | (15) Robert Montgomery. |
| (6) William Powell.   | (16) Wallace Beery.     |
| (7) Franchot Tone.    | (17) James Cagney.      |
| (8) George Arliss.    | (18) Conrad Veidt.      |
| (9) Fredric March.    | (19) Robert Young.      |
| (10) Robert Donat.    | (20) Warner Baxter.     |

The only remark I have to make here is to ask why Lionel Barrymore, whom you cannot go to the pictures without seeing, appears as low down on the list as No. 37, even lower than Sir Cedric Hardwicke, who, in my view, is nearly as poor on the screen as he is good on the stage. I cannot help it if this sounds a little double-barrelled. I realise that if you regard Sir Cedric as a magnificent actor it follows that he must be a wretched screen-performer, whereas if you are misguided enough not to think him a very good stage-player it follows that on the screen you won't find him so poor after all.

The corresponding twenty among the females are:—

- |                        |                          |
|------------------------|--------------------------|
| (1) Norma Shearer.     | (11) Jean Arthur.        |
| (2) Myrna Loy.         | (12) Marlene Dietrich.   |
| (3) Greta Garbo.       | (13) Gracie Fields.      |
| (4) Ginger Rogers.     | (14) Elisabeth Bergner.  |
| (5) Claudette Colbert. | (15) Barbara Stanwyck.   |
| (6) Shirley Temple.    | (16) Madeleine Carroll.  |
| (7) Jessie Matthews.   | (17) Joan Crawford.      |
| (8) Kay Francis.       | (18) Ann Harding.        |
| (9) Merle Oberon.      | (19) Jeanette MacDonald. |
| (10) Loretta Young.    | (20) Jean Harlow.        |

To my astonishment these first twenty names do not include either Katharine Hepburn or Sylvia Sydney. Mr. Bernstein's devastating analysis shows that his lists are really no more than a chart of the Young Person's sentimental leanings. Sixty-one per cent. of the votes for Charles Laughton, for example, are from men, which shows that our Charles has won his position by acting talent and not by sex-appeal. Whereas eighty-nine per cent. of Robert Taylor's votes are from women, and more than half of these votes from girls under the age of twenty-one. The scarcity of male British stars does not surprise me in the least; indeed, I did not expect there to be any.

The alarming thing about these lists of likes is the disappearance of the only two great film actors I have ever seen—Charlie Chaplin and Emil Jannings. Chaplin, however, is third in the list of male film stars most disliked! I wonder, by the way, whether that admirable comedian, Ralph Lynn, studies these lists; he is fiftieth in the list of likes and second in the list of dislikes. The same thing applies to Mae West, who heads the list of dislikes and is not in the list of likes at all. It looks to me as though Mae had gone West, and it seems to me that she should stay there. It is unfair of Mr. Bernstein to withhold the answers to some of his questions. Why on earth are we kept in the dark about the question: "Do you actually stay away from a cinema where a film is showing which features any of the stars you dislike?" I have no hesitation in saying, for my own part, that I certainly do. Long ago I registered a vow to avoid, whenever professionally possible, any film featuring Bing Crosby, Dick



RETURNED FROM CHINA: ANNA MAY WONG

Anna May Wong has just returned to New York from a visit to China, the first occasion on which she has seen the land of her ancestors. She is to start work on a new film for Paramount in Hollywood in September. Before this she will appear in New York in a musical Chinese play, *Turandot*

Powell, John Boles, Jimmy Durante, and Wheeler and Woolsey, and if I were a free man nothing would induce me to enter a cinema where Mae West, Joan Crawford, Jeanette MacDonald, Constance Bennett, and Shirley Temple were performing. In the matter of subjects for films it is noteworthy that all men and all women of all ages have put war films at the bottom of the list. This is part of the national temper. A country like Germany has a war, is unexpectedly defeated, and therefore spends its entire existence in planning how to avoid defeat in the next war. Whereas this country has a war, wins it as a matter of course, and promptly forgets all about it. The reason is obvious. This country has not lost any war since Hengist and Horsa or thereabouts—since it long ago decided to salve its national pride by regarding the American independent business not as a war at all but as a friendly fracas. While taking the British attitude to be more sensible than the German, though fraught with far greater danger, I disagree entirely about the attitude to war films. Perhaps this is because I never really want to see any other kind!

It is too bad of Mr. Bernstein not to tell us which newspapers or periodicals have the best film criticisms. I myself have no doubt whatever about this, and here is my own list:—

- (1) *The Manchester Guardian* because of Mr. Robert Herring;
- (2) *The Observer* because of Miss Caroline Lejeune;
- (3) *The Referee* because of Mr. Paul Dehn;
- (4) *The Times*; and
- (5) This paper!

There is no other film criticism. The rest, with the exception of one or two papers whose names escape me at the moment, is twaddle and gossip. In the matter of declared gossip *The Daily Express* seems to me to lead the field, with nobody else even in sight! I am amused by the question: "How many times a week do you usually go to the pictures?" The answer to this is that with a modicum of contrivance one need not go at all. Some of the ideas for the improvement of cinema entertainment are also very diverting. One of these is that patrons' cars should be washed and polished while the patrons are attending the cinema. Is Mr. Bernstein quite sure that some of the patrons themselves would not be the better for a similar attention?



# AT CLARIDGE'S FOR

# LADY GUTHRIE'S DANCE



SIR CONNOP AND LADY GUTHRIE,  
THE SMILING HOST AND HOSTESS



LADY IRIS MOUNTBATTEN



MR. RICHARD SHEEPSHANKS  
AND LADY GLORIA FISHER



LADY JEAN OGILVY AND MR. ROBIN CECIL  
FOUND EACH OTHER ENTERTAINING



LADY HONOR VAUGHAN



THE MARCHIONESS OF CARISBROOKE  
TALKING TO MR. PETER STEWART



MISS DIANA GUTHRIE (CAUSE  
OF THE PARTY) AND MR. NICHOLL

Among last week's important débutante parties was the dance given by Lady Guthrie at Claridge's for her popular daughter, Miss Diana Guthrie, known as "Didi" to her friends. Sir Connop and Lady Guthrie gave a dinner-party beforehand, and so did the Marchioness of Carisbrooke, whose only daughter, Lady Iris Mountbatten, was one of the many attractive very young ladies of fashion present. Lady Iris, it will be remembered, was a train-bearer to Queen Elizabeth at the Coronation. Lady Honor Vaughan, second daughter of the Earl and Countess of Lisburne, came with her married sister, Lady Gloria Fisher, who wore orchids in her hair with excellent effect. Lady Jean Ogilvy's father, the Earl of Airlie, is the Queen's Lord Chamberlain. Lady Patricia Mackay, Lord Inchcape's daughter by his first marriage, has already experienced two London seasons but finds this crowded and energetic 1937 version the best fun of all. The Coronation season shows no signs at all of slackening as it nears its close and invitations still fall as thick as leaves on Vallombrosa

Photos: Swabe



LADY PATRICIA MACKAY AND MR.  
JOHNNY RYLAND SIT IT OUT





RACING BEHIND "THE DITCH": SOME IMPRESSIONS BY "THE TOUT"

"The Tout's" gallery includes, starting from the left, Pat Beasley, who rode the Gold Cup winner, Precipitation; Mr. G. W. Hands, owner of the Orris Colt and others, and Mr. J. E. Widener, an American owner who trains with Captain Boyd-Rochfort at Newmarket. Next comes Mr. A. Howard, the Stewards' secretary; N. V. S. Cannon is the trainer of Mr. J. V. Rank's many winners. Tommy Weston's pilotage of Sir Abe Bailey's Ascot entries was very successful. Mr. Philip Dunne is an owner and one of Colling's patrons. Captain Charles Moore is H.M. the King's racing manager. H. Blackshaw is the very competent apprentice, with a useful list of winning rides, from the stable of Dawson Waugh, who completes the group

**B**LACK Ascots seem to belong to the limbo of the past. Favourites and second favourites turn up with the most praiseworthy regularity, and that cheerful air of bonhomie and abandon worn by the bookmakers after the Prince of Wales Stakes was changed by the time the King's Stand was run to one of the deepest gloom. I understand that there were no cases of default on their side on the Monday, but no doubt many of their losing clients will not "sting" for some time to come, entirely, of course, through oversight, pressure of business, or absence. I saw it stated that one firm had lost £30,000 on the week, and I wonder if it occurs to most people that this is a loss on balance. They may have lost £60,000 and won £30,000. Their £60,000 has to be there on the Monday. Their clients pay when they have a touch or get a legacy, or else their executors may do something about it. About ten years ago I made a book in a very small way, and the worst week I ever had I won £1,200. I weighed out about £3,000 on the Monday, and am still about £800 down on balance. One ornament of nearly every members' enclosure to-day gave me £75 four years later to withdraw his warning-off notice for £600.

The Tote did the most colossal business, and let us hope we shall begin in the near future to feel the results of the staggering sums that it takes directly out of racing. When one reads that four million odd has passed through it in the year, one begins to visualise, with an approximate 10 per cent. rake-off, higher stakes, lower entries, lower admission charges, and far greater comfort. True, the value of the Gold Cup, Cesarewitch, and Cambridgeshire has been increased, and several other minor reforms and improvements made, but what do you and I get out of it? We pay the same amount to go on indifferent courses to stand packed in antiquated stands. Our entries for races are just as high, and the added money very seldom any more; and the Tote didn't start yesterday. Its warmest partisans could hardly call it a "go," and the snags would seem to be over-capitalisation, the redundancy of racecourses, and overheads. The first was obvious from the start and cannot now be helped, but the two latter dovetail into each other. I am making these perhaps rather controversial statements after a visit to a

## Racing Ragout

By "GUARDRAIL"

runner in the first race. The same sense of humour has to be indulged in by those drawn the small numbers on the five-furlong course. For the sum of two pounds or so one may use the members' enclosure, a space which makes a Selfridge lift look like a ballroom, with stands which hold uncomfortably about one-third of the crowd. The answer is that the five-furlong course cannot be altered owing to the terrain, and the company is too broke to make any improvements owing to the course being flooded four days out of five in the jumping season. Why not give some other course that can deliver the goods their fixtures? While one's heart bleeds for the shareholders in this undertaking, one suffers the same cardiac hemorrhage for Pitcher's friend, who sunk all his money in a lively stable in Venice. But why should we be compelled to suffer?

To revert to Ascot, Diplomat won both his races, and, having established himself as the best three-year-old sprinter of the year, retires to the stud. Sir Abe Bailey had a wonderful week, so much so that a short-sighted inebriate friend of mine, who only left the club tent bar when he heard a winner being shouted home, gave it up, as he said nothing but huge wasps seemed to flash past his eyes.

A grand race was the Gold Cup and won by a grand horse, a real short-legged model of what a horse should be, with a temperament in a thousand. Our best congratulations to Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, who had otherwise rather a lean meeting. As surely as night follows day Windsor follows Ascot and the needy follow their stuff. While one seems to be going from the sublime to the distinctly ridiculous, I could not see, taking an impartial look round, that the standard of known or imagined purity was any less high in the enclosure at Windsor than in its Royal counterpart at Ascot, so there's no need to put on all those frills about what may be quite involuntary.

A rather curious incident occurred here in the fifth race, when the judge's decision was good-humouredly booed and laughed at, not in the cheaper rings, but in the members'.

(Continued on p. xvi)

# AFTER ASCOT: THE ROYAL WINDSOR MEETING



THE DUKE OF NORFOLK, K.G., AND THE DUCHESS OF NORFOLK TALKING TO MICHAEL BEARY



CONSULTATION: "BROWNIE" CARSLAKE, THE HON. MRS. BEATTY, MAJOR "VANDY" BEATTY AND LADY DUFFERIN AND AVA



MISS MONICA SHERIFFE AND SIR RICHARD SYKES



MISS PARAVICINI (CENTRE) WITH MR. AND MRS. REGGIE SHEFFIELD



LORD BURLINGTON, MISS ANN DE TRAFFORD AND MR. PARKER-BOWLES

After four days' racing at Ascot, one might imagine that a fifth would be too much for most people, but the huge crowds at Windsor on the Saturday showed that this was far from being the case. The general bonhomie, too, suggested that the need for "getting out" was not so pressing as usual. The Earl Marshal and his wife, who were staying at Windsor Castle for the royal meeting, had a talk to Mid-day Sun's jockey, Michael Beary, who has also ridden for the Duke of Norfolk. This is being a great year for "Micky," and it was again a case of Beary is best in the first two races at Windsor. Everyone who goes racing, and lots who do not, are delighted that Major "Vandy" Beatty is out and about and in fine heart again. He saddled two runners at the meeting—Mr. Macomber's Crusader III. and Lady Dufferin's Hermada, both ridden by "Brownie" Carslake—but unfortunately neither caught the judges' eye. It will be observed that Miss Monica Sheriffe, from Leicestershire, and Sir Richard Sykes, from Sledmere, had very similar ideas on striped flannel. Miss Ann de Trafford, Sir Humphrey and the Hon. Lady de Trafford's eldest daughter, is following the family tradition in becoming a racing regular. Lord Burlington, who comes of age next year, is the Duke of Devonshire's grandson



# WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

## A New Life of Keats.

IN her unusually interesting *Life of Keats*, "Adonais" (Hurst & Blackett; 15s.), Miss Dorothy Hewlett has contrived to paint in the environment in which the poet lived—his friends, his amusements, his interests apart from poetry—so vividly that one gets a clearer, more human, more intimate portrait of the man himself than any book written about Keats I have ever read. The mere incidents of one's life are never the most interesting side of it; or rarely so. To know a man or woman intimately one must know a great deal of their environment, and the friend who made of that environment a whole personal world. In judging what they do or say, one must weigh so many diverse influences in the balance before one can arrive at something approaching complete understanding—or as near to complete understanding as is possible when dealing with anybody's life which is not our own. So, against this admirable study of Keats, we have pictures of the world in which he lived, his friends, his circumstances, the "motif" which underlay the management, so to speak, of his existence as he tried himself to direct it. Consequently, Keats, his immediate circle of close friends and relations, the times in which he lived combine to make a most satisfying pattern, in which Keats himself stands out the more vividly simply because the background of his personal existence plays almost a co-equal part in the general scheme.

So one seems to "grow" with him from boyhood to his too early grave, following all the twists and turns of his life, apart from his genius, until that tragic last scene when, alone with his friend Severn, the artist, he fought so manfully for life, and died, after so prolonged a struggle, whispering, "Don't be frightened. Thank God it has come." His life was surely one of the most pathetic among all the too-often pathetic lives of poets of genius. His grave in Rome surely one of the saddest memories, in one of the loveliest places, which anyone can bring away from a visit to that great city. Dorothy Hewlett has been able to bring a good deal of fresh material to her study. We have, for example, almost the whole diary of Charles Brown, his friend, made during their walking tour of the Lakes, Ireland, and the eastern side of England; extracts which are as interesting as any portion of the book, showing as they do what touring was like in those days, and the aspects of rural England in the Georgian era. Again, she has given us a study of Keats the man, as he stands revealed in his amazing letters written to friends during his brief journey through life. The liveliness of these letters is remarkable. In their manner of approach to various human subjects they might have been written yesterday. Again letters are used to paint in the portraits of his friends, as well as of himself as portrayed by them. Thus men like Leigh Hunt, Lamb, Shelley, Haydon, Hazlett, Coleridge, and others "come to life" in a manner which is quite fascinating. We get to know them, not as writers or artists, but as men—men who might pop in for a smoke or a chat, or dine with us *en famille*.

Thus, too, Keats himself comes to life in this book. And Fanny Brawne ceases to be a kind of dummy object of Keats' tragic passion, but a girl whom one can understand and know. It has all been most ably done, and even if the book were not about Keats it would be intensely interesting as the "life" of an obscure man, let alone a genius.

## A Good Story with a Plot in it.

HAVE you ever noticed in novels written by women the interesting fact that "relations" are much more "alive" than the heroine, let alone the hero? These latter are often merely romantic "nebulae," but parents, aunts, uncles,



MISS VIOLA GARVIN

The daughter of the distinguished editor of the "Observer," Mr. J. L. Garvin, photographed after attending the marriage, at St. George's, Hanover Square, of Miss Peggy Evans, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Evans, to Mr. Richard Graham Pegler. Mr. Charles Evans is the popular head of the house of Heinemann.



SIR PHILIP AND LADY GIBBS

Two more guests at the Pegler-Evans wedding, which was followed by a reception at William Heinemann's venerable and attractive London office, 99, Great Russell Street. Sir Philip Gibbs, once one of Fleet Street's leading lights and now a novelist of great repute, is a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, lives in Surrey and belongs to the Reform Club. His new book, "Ordeal in England," published by Heinemann last Monday, is more or less an amplification of its forceful predecessor, "England Speaks," and should be read by all thinking people.

in-laws, in fact, nearly all the more elderly characters, are usually clear-cut and well-defined. I suppose the reason is that in past years, even to-day, women have suffered from or enjoyed their relations much more than men can ever know. Women know what the connection implies. Whereas men mostly know a relation only as somebody to come back to, somebody who belongs to home life, now no longer of first importance, women, on the other hand, know relations as people you have to live with and all that that implies in pleasure, boredom, suffering, forbearance, joy, tyranny, and the continual exhibition either of trust, exasperation, frustration, and always the essential daily "tact."

This characteristic is very apparent in Beatrice Kean Seymour's new novel, "The Happier Eden" (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.), wherein the

relations are far more memorable as personalities than Rome Herriard, the heroine, or Miles, the man she married. These latter are the usual "nice types" associated with love and romance and a happy ending. But in one's mental "eye" one does not see them half so vividly as Rome's relations, who objected so strongly to the marriage, or even Miles's plebeian connections, who couldn't object anyway, since their Miles was only the illegitimate son of a girl who had once been Mr. Herriard's cook. But the Herriard clan were typical "relations." Since Rome had given all her life up to his death to the care of her father, it was only right, they considered, when he died, leaving her his money, that she should spend what remained of her existence sharing it with them! When she revolted against this arrangement and declared her love for Miles, so socially far beneath her—though one would never guess so from either his appearance or his manner, and later on he began to write books—they not only considered she had let the family down badly, but that she was totally ungrateful of the honour of being a Herriard at all! Nevertheless, Rome marries Miles and is happy with him—up to a point. And this "point" lies in the moral that

(Continued on page 624.)

## AT BLAIR CASTLE

The Scottish Horse Entertain



THE DUKE OF ATHOLL AND HIS  
KINSMAN, MR. ANTHONY MURRAY



THE DUCHESS OF ATHOLL WITH  
MRS. C. A. J. BUTTER



COLONEL BRUCE CAMPBELL WITH  
MAJOR-GENERAL BROWNRIGG



MAJOR-GENERAL A. H. MARINDIN  
AND MR. CAMPBELL-PRESTON



THE MISSES STIRLING OF KIPPENROSS AND  
MR. DOCHIE MACGREGOR OF CARDNEY



MR. ALISTAIR MACGREGOR OF CARDNEY  
AND LORD JAMES STEWART-MURRAY

These photographs were taken when the Scottish Horse, in camp at Blair Atholl, held their annual sports at Blair Castle, the stately Perthshire home of the Duke and Duchess of Atholl. The Scottish Horse, one of Scotland's two famous regiments of Scouts, was raised and commanded in the South African War by the Duke of Atholl, and they also formed part of his brigade in the European War. Now the Duke is Colonel Commandant of the Regiment, the present C.O. being Lieut.-Col. R. A. Bartram. The Duke of Atholl's unmarried only brother and heir presumptive, Lord James Stewart-Murray, used to be in the Scottish Horse. Mr. Anthony Murray, a young kinsman and son of Sir Evelyn Murray, Chairman of Customs and Excise, is a subaltern in the Regiment, and so is Mr. R. M. T. C. Campbell-Preston. Major-General W. D. S. Brownrigg, seen with a former C.O. of the Scottish Horse, is G.O.C. the 51st (Highland) Territorial Division. Major-General A. H. Marindin lives at Fordel, Glenfarg. The Duchess of Atholl, the able Member for West Perth and Kinross, was one of the M.P.s who recently visited the Spanish war zone



## WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

if you wish to live in a happier Eden you must never ask too many questions of the one you love. The past is past, and the wise man and woman are content to know that whatever happened then—it was nothing to do with them. Nevertheless, there is a mystery about Miles. He was so good-looking, he was so obviously a "gentleman," had lived so many years abroad that . . . well, there must have been some other woman or women, in his life. There are certain men who make a living by preying on frustrated spinsters or widows possessed of money. If all else fails, they try bigamy. Was Miles one of these men? Well, he was—and he wasn't. How it turns out eventually that he wasn't is the opportunity for rather a "cheap" way out, but it is sufficient to bring about a happy ending. Anyway, the problem makes a good "plot," and one is thankful for a definite plot in modern novels. All the same, the Herriard "clan" are far more memorable as human beings than the two "romantics." And infinitely more so than the Other Woman who, conventionally, is all beauty, passion, moonlit rendezvous and twanging guitar. Primarily, however, Mrs. Kean Seymour's new novel is a *good story*, well told. And a good, well-constructed plot is so rare in these days that everyone will enjoy reading it. Anyway, I did.

## Pathos and Pity.

Magnhild Haalke's novel, "Alli's Son" (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.), is sad, terribly sad, but it leaves a most profound impression. You will remember it long after you have finished reading it. And this cannot be said of many novels. It is the study of a little Norwegian boy, who lives with his mother, father, grandmother and grandfather on a rough, lonely island, and suffers through their misunderstanding of his nature until, from being a super-sensitive, imaginative child, he develops into a thief, a liar and, at last, a homicidal maniac. It is not that his parents and grandparents do not love him; they do. But in not being able to understand him, they cannot train him. They work, sometimes desperately, for his good, but only achieve a greater bewilderment in the boy's whole outlook upon life around him. His father tries spasmodic discipline; his mother is perpetually harassing him, in a stupid effort for his own good. His grandfather laughs at him, and his grandmother, alternating between scolding and spoiling, only creates in the boy's mind a state of angry resentment. Thus we sit, so to speak, and watch the gradual decline of the child's mind under this variety of aggressiveness, until at last, in order to gain some form of peace, he becomes cunning, then a liar, a thief, unnaturally secretive until, as these things grow more and more pronounced as he gets older, his nature turns savage and the end is murder.

It is not, perhaps, a comfortable story, but its sincerity gives it a certain grandeur. It is immensely impressive, and it is moving to a degree. As the study of the degradation of the mind of a boy who, in happier circumstances, might have been an artist or a poet of sorts,

through sheer lack of imaginative understanding on the part of those who should have aided his development, it is remarkable. But it is not a novel for "the idle hour."

## A Brilliant First Novel.

Most novels which have insanity as their theme, or even a mental hospital as their background, are considered morbid by the sillily squeamish and immediately exchanged for one of love and unreality. Yet, if you miss reading "The Outward Room" (Cassell; 7s. 6d.), by Millen Brand, you will miss not only a very remarkable story, but one of the best first novels I have read for a very long time. A first novel in which not only is the "promise" brilliant, but the performance unusually fine already. Yet the heroine, Harriet, is a mental case. She is not insane all the time, but is a victim of periodic madness, of which the chief symptom is acute depression. Otherwise she is a highly intelligent, cultured woman. But she knows of her disease and the knowledge makes her consider herself as one who is already "dead." The cause of it all was the death of a much-loved brother in a motor accident of which she was the horrified witness. In a remarkable scene wherein Dr. Revlin tries every experiment in attempting to bring her to life, so to speak, it is revealed that Harriet believes her mother and father were responsible for her brother's death—her own unconscious guilt being transferred to her parents in a mental effort to cheat memory of its horror.

As a desperate last resort, he tries hinting at a possible escape from the hospital and encouraging that escape when it is near fulfilment. Poor Harriet does escape, and yet, when she is in the world—haunted by her own fear of a return of insanity, lonely, friendless and poor—the struggle to survive almost carries her under in despair. Her only security seems to be the "outward room" in the city to which she has fled. There, at least, she is not for ever buffeted and fear-ridden. And yet, in this struggle lies the cure of her mental disease. She is taken forcibly out of herself by the effort to exist; work is her salvation. She makes a friend of a working-man and eventually they become lovers. Together the daily struggle is hard and relentless, but at least their triumph over it together proves that love can win in the face of all obstacles, if it be really love, even in the dreadful knowledge that insanity may still haunt the beauty which they have made of their lives. It is a fine theme, finely carried out. Always is it interesting, and there are passages in it of a very lovely suggestion. Moreover, there is a force in the telling of it which carries you along relentlessly, in spite of certain rather too hurried descriptions of essential features in Harriet's life which should be more clearly understood. Yet on the whole it is a very remarkable achievement and a novel which not only is absorbing to read, but which makes you think and question.



Sasha

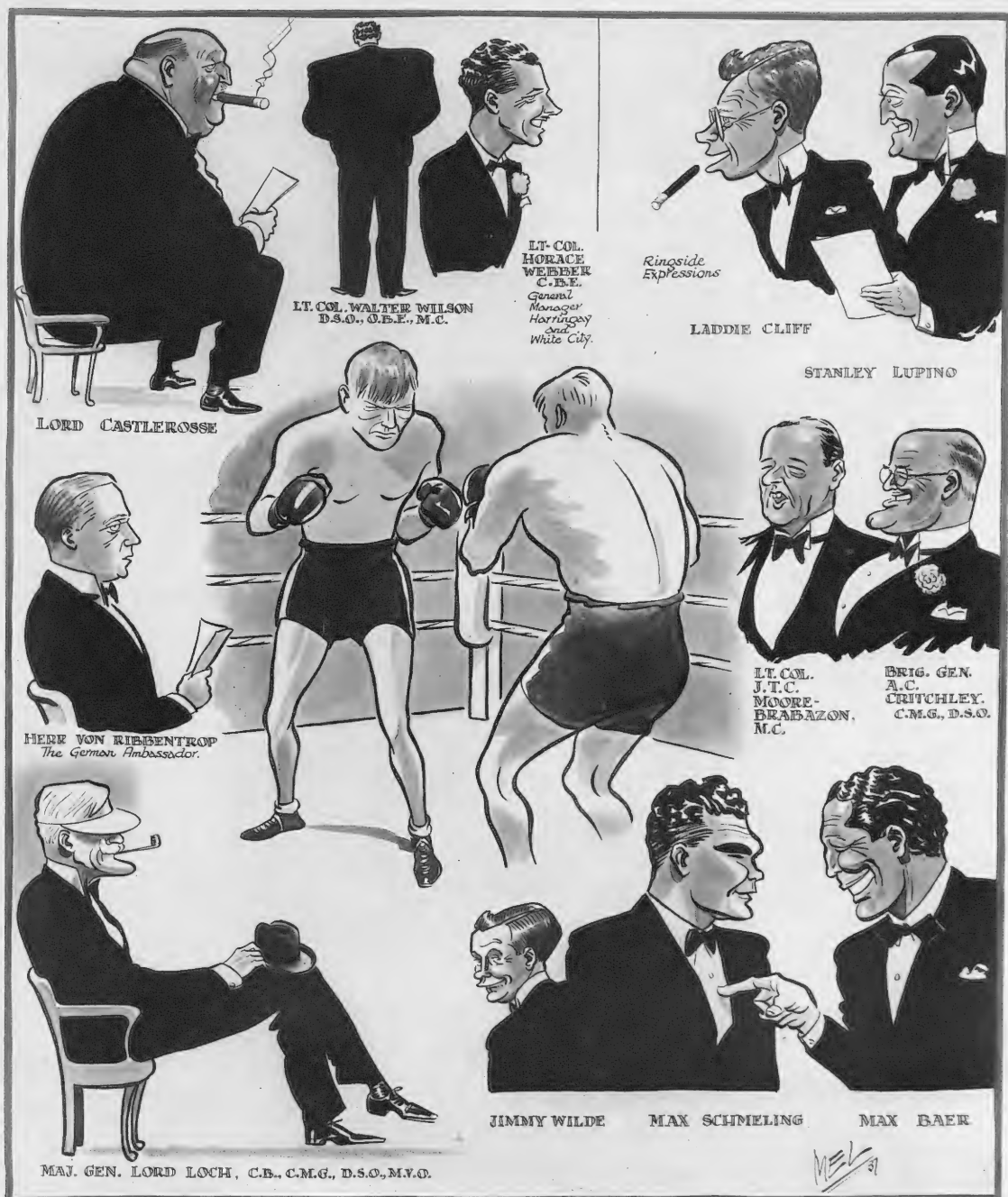
AUTHORESS OF A NEW NOVEL:  
MARGARET LANE

Margaret Lane's new book, "At Last the Island," is just out from the firm of Heinemann. She is a very well-known journalist and in private life is the wife of Bryan Wallace, only son of the late Edgar Wallace

AT THE "VICTORIA REGINA" FIRST NIGHT:  
MR. HECTOR BOLITHO AND LADY HEADFORT

Two of the people who were present at the première of this much-discussed and formerly forbidden play. Mr. Hector Bolitho had something of a professional interest in the occasion as an author of historical works, including studies of the life of Queen Victoria

## BIG FIGHT PERSONALITIES



## SOME IMPRESSIONS OF RINGSIDE NOTABILITIES—BY "MEL"

Our caricaturist's impressions of some boxing enthusiasts. Lord Castlerosse is too massive a figure to need an introduction; Laddie Cliff and Stanley Lupino are equally well known as two of our leading comedians. Colonel Webber, a former Horse Gunner, is the moving spirit of much sport at the two great establishments of which he is in charge. Brigadier-General Critchley is Vice-Chairman and Managing Director of the Greyhound Racing Association and its affiliated companies, and thus the head and forefront of the White City. "Brab" is deeply involved in every kind of sport. Colonel Wilson is a former English Rugby International; he is connected with the boxing at Harringay. Lord Loch is a very distinguished soldier and the oldest Grenadier. Herr von Ribbentrop, the German Ambassador, is naturally interested in the careers of Germany's fine heavy-weights. The three experts in the bottom right-hand corner have introduced themselves to so many people with their gloves on that they may be considered universally known.



# PARIS EN FÊTE: BAL DIRECTOIRE



STUDY IN BLACK AND WHITE: Mlle. CHANEL AND MR. CECIL BEATON



SERGE LIFAR AND SOME OF HIS TROUPE



THE DUC DE MAILLÉ, THE MARQUISE MELCHIOR DE POLIGNAC AND THE BARONNE D'ALMEIDA



CAPTAIN AND THE HON. MRS. JACK CRAWSHAW. (BELOW) MISS ELIZABETH BONHAM AND THE HON. DAVID WILSON



MME. EDOUARD BOURDET, MARCEL BÉRARD AND MME. RALLI. (BELOW) THE MARQUIS DE PARIS AND MADAME BALSAN



MR. M. J. V. PEROWNE, THE MARCHESA NAGLIATI AND THE HON. FRANK BURKE ROCHE (NOT SO VERY "DIRECTOIRE" !)



The greatest fête of the Paris season, the Bal Directoire at the Palais Royal, coincided with a specially British week-end, since Sir George Broadbridge, the Lord Mayor of London, was in the French capital for his official opening of the British Pavilion at the great Paris Exhibition. Some of the 600 who attended the ball are seen on this page. Mlle. Chanel is the famous dress-designer, and Mr. Beaton is the well-known portrait-photographer. Serge Lifar and his troupe provided a memorable feature of the evening, dancing before the diners in the open air with the beautiful Palais Royal, floodlit, for a background. The Hon. Mrs. Crawshaw is the only daughter of Lord Tyrrell, the former British Ambassador to France; her husband is an honorary attaché at the Legation. Mme. Bourdet is the wife of the playwright of *La Sexa Faible*, Marcel Bérard, a prominent French artist. The Hon. Frank Roche is Lord Fermoy's twin brother; he is an American citizen; on this occasion he compromised with the "Directoire Dress" rule by means of a buttonhole of china flowers, alleged

# AT THE PALAIS ROYAL



IMPORTANT AND WELCOME VISITORS:  
THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON AND  
LADY BROADBRIDGE



THE COMTESSE DE CONTADES, THE  
COMTESSE D'ORIGNY AND MADAME  
MUEHLSTEIN



THE COMTESSE DE LEPIC, THE MARQUISE DE  
MONTCALM, THE COMTESSE LOUIS DE BEAUREGARD  
AND THE COMTESSE DE VIEL-CASTEL



M. HENRI BERNSTEIN AND MADAME CURIE



PRINCESS KARAM OF KAPUR-  
THALA AND MR. JOHN MALLET  
(BELOW) PRINCE KARAM AND  
SEÑORA ANTONOR PATINO



THE EARL AND COUNTESS WINTERTON WATCHING  
THE LIPAR BALLET  
(BELOW) MRS. ROBERT HUDSON AND M. FLANDIN,  
A FORMER PREMIER OF FRANCE

of the Regency period. Mr. Perowne is First Secretary at the Embassy. The Hon. David Wilson is Lord Nunburnholme's youngest brother and brother-in-law to Earl Winterton, the Member for Horsham and Worthing. The latter came over specially for this week-end: he and Lady Winterton gave a cocktail-party to some of those connected with the Exhibition. Mme. Balsan, née Consuelo Vanderbilt, is the Duke of Marlborough's mother. The Comtesse de Viel-Castel is Yorkshire on her mother's side; her husband is President of the French Jockey Club. Henri Bernstein is the famous playwright of *Le Secret* and many other successes. Mr. John Mallet is an attaché at the Embassy; his cousin, Mr. Victor Mallet, is Counsellor of Embassy in Washington. Señora Antonor Patino is married to the son of the Bolivian Minister in Paris; she is held to be one of the most beautiful women in Paris. M. Flandin is one of the many who have grappled with the precarious problem of governing France—an experience which appears to have left no mark of care on his countenance





# CONCERNING GOLF : By HENRY LONGHURST

**W**HAT fun we have been having since last I put pen to paper to concoct this page! The French Championship, which was then just beginning at Morfontaine, provided all the "sensations" that one has learnt to expect from 18-holes match play tournaments, and one by one the Englishmen with established reputations fell by the wayside, leaving your humble servant with the onerous task of representing them against Jacques Leglise in the final—a task which, alas! proved too much for his slender powers.

First to go was General Critchley, ousted by R. Charrier, who putted like an inspired wizard. They started early in the morning and, taking just seventeen putts on thirteen greens (without holing an approach), Charrier won by 6 and 5—the General's reply to the question "What did you lose by?" being "Half-past ten"! But Charrier's day was far from finished. In the afternoon he pegged along safely down the middle between the pine-trees, holed the putts when necessary, and beat the great Francis Francis with a typically gallant pitch-and-putt four on the nineteenth. Next morning, thank Heaven, his bolt was shot and I managed to beat him.

Guy Thompson and Arnold Bentley, too, fell by the way-side, and it was left, unfortunately, for Harry Bentley and Geoffrey Illingworth to play each other in the round before the semi-final. Illingworth had been playing fine golf—and before the end of the year will be playing finer—but the match was spoilt by his having an ailment in one of his feet, which caused him to flinch at the moment of impact and "top" one or two of his drives. He was gallantly, but in consequence, annoyed at my reporting this fact in the Press—but, after all, a sore foot is a sore foot, and becomes, if the match is worth reporting at all, a matter of public interest. There is a world of difference between writing the bare truth that "Illingworth's play was adversely affected by a sore foot," which it was, and "Illingworth said that he would have won if he had not had a sore foot," which he didn't.

Harry Bentley, in his turn, fell to Leglise, and so, in the final, did I. Leglise is probably the best, and certainly the greatest-hearted, player on the Continent. At the sixteenth hole in the final he was 5 up: at the twenty-fifth he was reduced to all square, and my drive at the twenty-sixth, the

most difficult on the course, was well up the middle. Defying the sinking feeling associated with such a position, he did this tricky par 4 hole in 3. Once again reduced to all square at the twenty-eighth hole, he had 3, 4, 2 against a strict par of 3, 5, 3—and was thus 2 up. Cruelly stymied at the thirty-third (I almost blushed for shame), and squared once more at the thirty-fourth, he hit a particularly grand shot off the middle of the club at the thirty-fifth and won the hole in 3. A winner, if ever there was one.

A word, too, about Morfontaine—one of the most "intelligent" courses I have ever played, not excluding Pine Valley.

Cut among heather and silver birch, and not unlike a more undulating edition of Bramshot, it has that great quality of leaving one with a clear-cut memory of every hole. No two holes are alike, and none can be played in any way other than that in which the architect, Tom Simpson, intended. Further increases in the flight of the ball will leave its charm unimpaired.

Talking of Bramshot reminds me that the last time I played there was with that great all-round athlete, Walter Lowe. We compared notes, I remember, about the books that we were writing—each of them the "last word" on

golf. Now Walter has got his blow in first, and Collins have published his "Bedrock Principles of Golf," which is yours for six shillings. The book adheres rigidly to the scope of its title, and there are no "fancy" theories by which the author wishes to leave his mark upon the game. He is a man who has given much careful thought to the subject, and I cannot do better than quote Leonard Crawley's introduction: "I feel I can strongly recommend that the book should be read by all who play the game, no matter whether they are expert players or beginners."

Colleague "Mel," who adorns the opposite page here week by week, has also produced and generously illustrated a book on the humours, trials and tribulations of golf as performed by the average golfer. The author was the late R. J. H. Moses, a distinguished journalist and a member of a well-known sporting family, and most of the material was contributed to the Australian Press. The title, "Fore!", is easily remembered, the publishers are Eyre and Spottiswoode and the price five shillings.



THE NATIONAL PLAYING FIELDS ASSOCIATION: SOME PERSONALITIES  
CARICATURED BY "MEL"

The above portraits were secured at a recent conference of County Representatives of the National Playing Fields Association, that most excellent organisation of which H.M. the King is Patron and Lord Derby President. The names are: (at back) Major "Jock" Hartley, O.B.E. (Appeal Secretary), Captain Kenneth Shennan, Lord Aberdare, and H. W. Beecher-Shand; (in front) C. H. Garland (Secretary of the Organisation Committee), Sir Arthur Crosfield (a former Chairman of the Association), Sir Kingsley Wood (Minister of Health), Field-Marshal the Earl of Cavan, K.P. (Chairman), and Major Clement Atlee, M.P. (Leader of the Opposition)

# THE LADY PATRICIA RAMSAY

And her only son



LADY PATRICIA RAMSAY



MR.  
ALEXANDER  
RAMSAY



These are quite new portraits of a very charming royal personality and her son, who was one of the King's trainbearers at his Majesty's Coronation. On her marriage to a younger son of the thirteenth Earl of Dalhousie, the Duke of Connaught's daughter renounced the style and title of H.R.H. and Princess and adopted that of Lady, with precedence before the Marchionesses of England. Lady Patricia Ramsay's husband, Vice-Admiral the Hon. Sir Alexander Ramsay, K.C.B., K.C.V.O., D.S.O., joined the Senior Service in the 'nineties, became Captain in 1919, and is now Commander-in-Chief East Indies. He was made a Knight Commander of the Order of the Bath in the Coronation Honours List. Mr. Alexander Ramsay, an only child, will be eighteen in December

Photographs: Alexander Corbett, Baker Street





MR. TONY WHITAKER  
AND LADY KITTY COLE



TAKING A CHANCE:  
MRS. SIMONDS ON THE DIVING-BOARD



IN THE GARDEN:  
LORD AND LADY BROCKET



MR. THOMAS AND LADY ELIZABETH COKE AND  
THE HON. MRS. RUPERT FREEMAN-MITFORD



MISS BRIDGET AND MR. MICHAEL  
SMILEY. (BELOW) CAPTAIN ALISTAIR  
MILLER, MISS EFFIE BARKER, M.F.H.  
AND MR. GILBERT BARKER



MISS MARYOTH HAY AND THE HON. NEVILLE  
BERRY IN THE GROUNDS



Lady Cayzer's wonderful ball at Tynney Hall for her younger daughter was a date in the season no one is likely to forget. As Sir Herbert Cayzer belonged to that nowadays much-contemned arm, the Cavalry, it was perhaps not surprising to find the more polite side of warfare well represented—the Adjutant of the Greys, for instance (Mr. R. H. A. G. Calthorpe), and an ex-15th Hussar, Captain Agnew, who married his Colonel's daughter (formerly Lilah Courage). Mrs. Simonds (see above), *née* Molly Ramsden, of stage fame, was actually taking no risk at all when she sat on the end of the spring-board of the bathing-pool, because not only was the water specially heated, but she is an excellent swimmer. Lady Kitty Cole is the youngest daughter of the Earl of Enniskillen; Lady Elizabeth Coke is Lord Hardwicke's cousin, her husband, who is a grandson of the Earl of Leicester, is in the Scots Guards and was appointed an equerry to the present King, when Duke of York, in 1934. Lord Brocket, as Sir Arthur Nall-Cain, represented the Wavertree division of Liverpool from 1931-34. The Hon. Mrs. Rupert Freeman-Mitford is the wife of Lord Redesdale's youngest brother. The Hon. Neville Berry is Lord Kemsley's third son

# HELD AT TYLNEY HALL



MR. CHRISTOPHER AND LADY ROSEMARY  
JEFFREYS AND LADY FOX



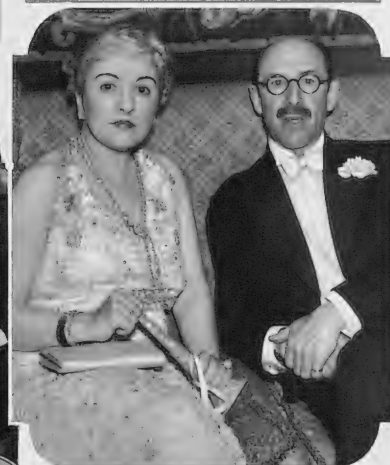
THE HON. MRS. IAN LAWSON-JOHNSTON  
AND MR. R. H. A. G. CALTHORPE



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF WELLINGTON  
AND LADY HILBERY



LADY CAYZER AND THE PRINCIPAL  
GUEST, HER DAUGHTER, MOLLY

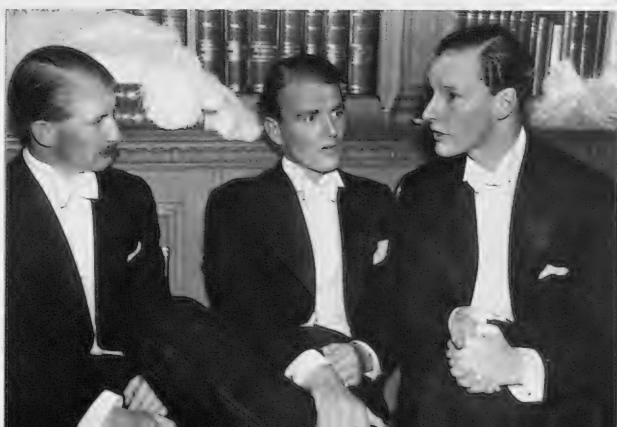


LADY LISBURNE AND COL. JIMMY  
HORLICK. (BELOW) MR. BINGHAM-  
BAILEY, MR. TOBY HORSFORD AND  
LORD TOWNSHEND



CAPTAIN AND MRS. RICHARD AGNEW  
AND COMMANDER KENNETH GRANT

The Duke of Wellington and his forbears have been patrons of the Garth, of which Sir Herbert Cayzer is Joint-Master with Miss Effie Barker—seen with her brother on the opposite page; and Lady Hilbery, who is in the same picture with his Grace and the Duchess, is the wife of the eminent lawyer to whom the Cause Lists refer irreverently as "Hilbery, J." Sir Herbert Cayzer's uncle, Major H. S. Cayzer, 11th Hussars, was Joint-Master of the Pytchley during the Consulship of Sir Charles Lowther. Lady Fox, who is in the picture at the top with Mr. Christopher Jeffreys, son of a most distinguished soldier, Major General Sir George Jeffreys, and Lady Cantelupe, is the wife of Sir Gifford Fox, the Member for Henley, and who was, appropriately enough, at that rather well-known rowing school, Eton, and probably a more or less Wet Bob. Lady Rosemary Jeffreys is Lord Normanton's youngest sister. The Hon. Mrs. Ian Lawson-Johnston is Mr. Calthorpe's sister—their father is Sir Fitzroy Anstruther-Gough-Calthorpe—her husband is Lord Luke's eldest son. Lady Lisburne was, before her marriage, Señorita Regina Bittencourt; her father, Don Julio Bittencourt, was formerly attaché to the Chilean Legation in London



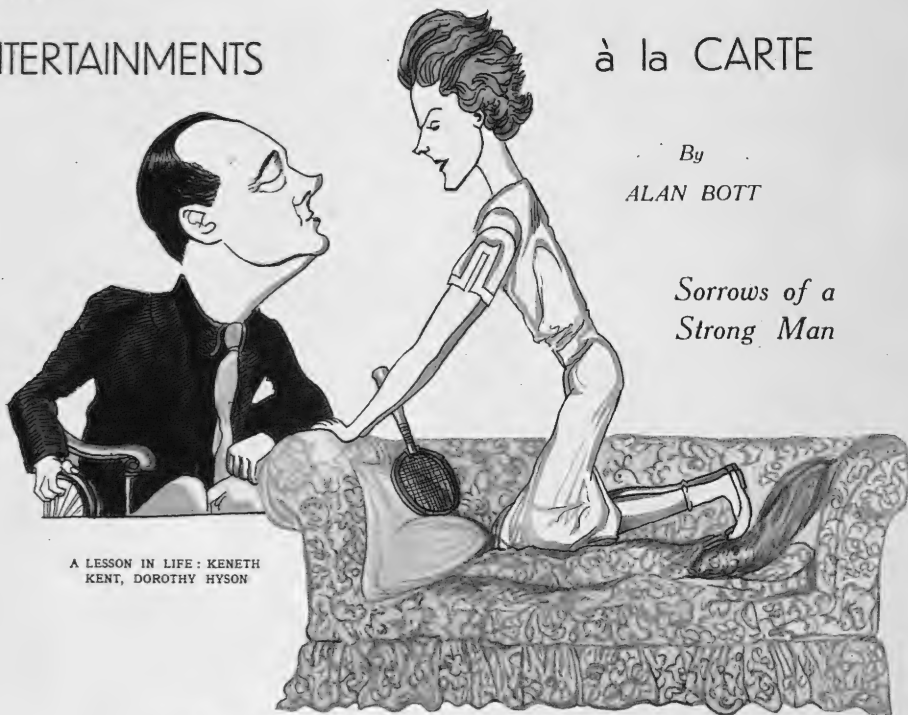


## ENTERTAINMENTS

## à la CARTE

By

ALAN BOTT

*Sorrows of a  
Strong Man*A LESSON IN LIFE: KENETH  
KENT, DOROTHY HYSONA LESSON IN RENUNCIATION:  
MARIE NEV, HARTLEY POWER

ACTING in an invalid's chair is said to be a gift from the theatrical gods. The wheeled chair arrests attention, collects sympathy, gives a tang to temper and a relish to renunciation, absolves the actor from acting with his limbs, leaves him physically relaxed between one emotional passage and the next. No doubt that is mostly true; but in my view, Kenneth Kent, who wheels himself around during two and a half Acts of Mr. Lionel Brown's *To Have and to Hold*, is more arresting during the early scene when he strides about on forceful legs.

The accident to his Max Harding brings about a situation like that of Lady Chatterley, whose crippled husband was at the base of the triangle she completed with her famous and unreticent lover. Before it happens, Max is one of those modern, efficient squires, late of the City, who in the theatre at any rate are inclined to found a family by marrying the daughter, and buying the land, of a long line of landowners that began under the Plantagenets, ran to seed under the Guelphs and Windsors, and now resent the improvements which the fellow from the City is inflicting upon the dear old estate. If only Max's wife—June Harding, *née* De Winter—would breed as well as the livestock, all would be in train for a long line of Hardings to have and to hold the country seat not entirely lost to the De Winters. But June, in despite of admiration for a strong spouse who knows what he wants and gets it done, is off to Buenos Aires in the morning, having fallen desperately in love with Brian Harding, cousin to Max and on holiday from the Argentine.

She does not thus elope, for this new play at the Haymarket is contained within one Staffordshire set. If ever a coming disaster cast its shadow ten minutes ahead of time, it is now, when a De Winter in hunting pink, good for nothing beyond horse-coping, arrives to plant a brute of a mount on his rich brother-in-law. Even the youngest playgoer, while June looks out of the window and describes to her lover how her husband is riding the brute, knows to within a toss or a roll how the ride will end. The husband must be, and is, badly hurt, so that the wife shall have no option but to stay bound by his need and her sense of duty. So far, so possible, plausible and conventional. Need and duty are stretched less plausibly to include the cousin-lover, who also remains to sustain Max, carry out the crooked landowner's ideas, and fertilise his good earth and his disappointed wife. June and Brian, that is to say, will jointly cherish poor Max while cherishing each other; and sacrifice will run parallel with liaison.

The author has written, and Kenneth Kent enacts, two effective scenes that display the railing against fate, inaction and those around him of a cripple with a restless mind. Could fortitude and the imminence of death so change a man, hitherto prone to high temper, as to make him condone his wife's intimacy with his closest friend, and carefully keep his knowledge of the infidelity from them in order that his few remaining months shall be



SCENE FROM THE SHIRES:  
MIGNON O'DOHERTY, RICHARD  
WARNER

(BELOW) BASIL RADFORD

as pleasant for all concerned as an imperfect world permits? The status of this drama depends upon whether that much is possible, or at any rate is made to appear possible. Does the play set and attempt to solve a human problem, or is it based on theatrical contrivance? It looks as though I am in a minority in having been unable for an instant to believe in Max's sudden transformation from strong man into doomed saint. Mr. Kent cocks an understanding eyebrow or two to show that Max knows what's in the air and willingly tolerates it; the surface of his resignation is nice and serene. But underneath the saintliness, the clockwork whirrs as insistently as the invalid's chair.

It whirrs, but does not creak. The contrivance is deft in design and smooth in operation. Its tensions are well set; particularly when the long-lost daughter of the lover's divorced past turns up. Discovers All and sets out, in the name of decency and all that, to rescue daddy, against his will, from the supposedly selfish female who keeps him in so horrid and dubious a position. That much is even lifelike; and it says much for the developed talent of Dorothy Hyson, who plays this clean but foolish virgin, that with all her freshness and beauty she should attract such clear dislike from an audience conscious of the Higher Morality which the author has invoked. But the whirring returns when the young girl, having won her victory with sentimental blackmail, learns wisdom from the husband in the invalid-chair, who goes so far as to bribe her with three years of singing lessons in Italy if only she will refrain from breaking up the happy, triangular home. While he shows her the higher morality, and reveals the secret of his rendezvous with death, you can almost hear the spring being wound up for heavenly chimes.

Marie Ney plays the sacrificial wife with the spirituality we have learned to expect from her, but the woman in love with a lesser ardour. Hartley Power achieves sympathy for the difficult rôle of Brian, and feeds Miss Ney and Mr. Kent with the opportunities denied to himself. Basil Radford and Mignon O'Doherty do well with hunting kit and comic relief. I guess that competent acting, production as competent, the fact that the theatre is the Haymarket, and the presence in the offing of those heavenly chimes may keep the chair and the wheels rolling for some months or several weeks.





# Priscilla in Paris

HAVING declared that I would only visit the Exposition 1937 on its completion, I discovered, *Très Cher*, that I must either sulk at home or else go out and "eat my words." Not being much of a sulker and having, on the other hand, an excellent appetite, I chose the latter course, and did not find it half so indigestible as it might have been, since an excellent "elevensey"—cocktails and snick-snacks to nibble—was offered to the guests, with true British lavishness and hospitality, when the Lord Mayor of London declared the British Section open. Good and early, wearing my best *chapeau* and counterbalancing that by donning my oldest and roomiest shoes, I got there in time to see Dick Whittington's coach arrive in a blaze of glory and blare of bagpipes. The crowd cheered and the Union Jacks fluttered in the breeze and the old heart went pit-a-pat, as it always does on these occasions.

There was, perhaps, a little disappointment in the fact that the mounted *Garde Républicaine* which ought to have been on duty was replaced by "cows-on-roller-skates," which is the werry vulgar way the masses allude to the *agent cyclistes*—or cycle squad—of the Paris police. It seems to me that this is as good an occasion as any to say how sorry we are that so many of the *Fêtes* that took place this week were so badly organised by the Powers That Be. The P.T.B. are so busy fighting for their political existence that they have but little time for the amenities of life. Add to that the fact that the working hours have been so stupidly reduced, and it stands to reason that nothing was ready in time. In France we often muddle through the big, unimportant things of life, but in little, important things we are sadly wanting, and, though 'tis none o' my business and I have no official right to make this apology, I would like our British guests, who may have suffered various inconveniences, to know how very sorry the great majority of Parisians are for whatever discomforts they underwent. The lack of organisation that kept the Lord Mayor and his Lady waiting for their dinner at the *Fête Diréctoire* is something that we shall never forget. This also applies to the dinner, given by the British Council, at the Interallié Club before the first performance of the Vic-Wells Ballet. Half of the guests—the Press and the Critic half—didn't know what it was all about, while those who did know, and ought to have made the introductions and speeches, were kept from attending, on account of the political crisis which rocked the *Chambre* that evening to its groggy foundations. Howsumever, the ballet itself was a great success, and after the last curtain Miss Ninette de Valois, Miss Ursula Moreton, Mr. Constant Lambert and the whole *corps de ballet* received a great ovation on the flower-decked stage and were recalled many times. In this country, where classic dancing, thanks to the famous *corps de ballet* of the Grand Opera House and the Opéra-Comique, is appreciated and understood, it was the youth, the freshness and the enthusiasm of the dancers that made the greatest appeal, since it is obvious that perfect technique cannot be attained *à volonté* with only a few years' training.

And now for a few kind wurrds about the Exposition itself, since I went there, saw, and . . . was conquered. When—or if?—it is finished, it will be a very fine show. Even now it is more than worth spoiling a pair of shoes for. One still has to pick one's way over the odds and ends that builders leave behind them, and through oceans of mud where burst pipes and leaking what-nots have done their worst, but on a sunny day, the view over the grounds, seen from the entrance at the Place du Trocadéro, is a good six-francs' worth. Remember to go in from that door, for then you will get a really wonderful impression. Apart from the various, quite magnificent "pavillons," there is an air of gaiety and prosperity that is extremely cheering . . .



ARGENTINITA, WHO HAS HAD A BIG SUCCESS IN LONDON

Two pictures of the famous young Spanish dancer, who gave the first of her four recitals at the Aldwych Theatre on Monday, June 21, and has pirouetted herself into London's always capacious heart. Her successes on the Continent have been multiple. Her name closely resembles that of another wonderful exponent of the art, the ever-regretted Argentina, a fellow-countrywoman

Flags of all nations flapping and flying, music on the air, happy crowds, splashing fountains . . . all the fun of the fair and quite a lot of the brunette.

I saw the inauguration of the "luminous fountains" from the restaurant du Roi George, which "inaugurated itself" at the same time.

Good food and better champagne, but, unless you are a bloated millionaire, I suggest that a sandwich on the parapet of the Seine and a glass of fruit juice at the "Buttery" are better for the pocket-book, to say nothing of the old tummy. Nevertheless, on gala nights the George is the place to be "seen at," and the tables on the terrace above the river, looking down on to the fountains and the firework display, are cool and pleasant. It was at this affair that I barged into Edward Sterling, who, with his "English Players," has taken the Théâtre Michel from July 1 onwards and will give a "season" of English plays there throughout the summer. They open with the great success *George and Margaret*, which will be followed by a play that was banned in London—*Oscar Wilde*, by Leslie and Sewell Stokes, and for the first night of which the theatre is almost entirely sold out. Try to come over soon, *Très Cher*; I think you will enjoy yourself.

PRISCILLA.

# IN THE ISLE OF CAPRI



MRS. O'MALLEY-KEYES AND MRS. BURTON



F.-M. BARON VON BLOMBERG



MR. AND MRS. G. A. MURRAY-SMITH



THE PRINCESS OF BRAGANZA AND COUNT DI MARTINO.  
(BELOW) GRACIE FIELDS AND A YOUNG FRIEND



IN A FLOWERED SUN-SUIT: THE  
COUNTESS KHUEN HÉDERVÁRY



MISS BETTIE GREENISH AND GRAF VON  
EITKSTEDT. (BELOW) TULLIO CARMINATI

Here is a news-reel from an ever-popular summer playing place. Mrs. "Bill" Burton, whose husband owns a wonderful villa at Antibes, and Mrs. O'Malley-Keyes, Queen of Biarritz, spent some weeks at Capri before moving on to Brioni, and the German Minister for War took a day's holiday after the Italian Naval Review at Naples so as to visit this enchanted isle. Leicestershire-ites have included the Murray-Smiths and Miss Bettie Greenish, and who could better represent Lancashire than famous Gracie Fields, now back in England? Gracie has a villa near the Piccola Marina, where "everyone" bathes and lunches. Tullio Carminati was out in Capri for a short rest after finishing his British picture "Sunset in Vienna"





## AT THE FIRST NIGHT OF LAURENCE HOUSMAN'S "VICTORIA REGINA"



DAME MARIE TEMPEST WITH  
MR. JAMES AGATE



T.R.H. THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF KENT.  
BEHIND ARE LORD AND LADY LOUIS MOUNT-  
BATTEN AND MR. NOEL COWARD



MR. BASIL DEAN AND HIS WIFE,  
VICTORIA HOPPER



MRS. COURT-DENNY CONGRATULATING  
THE AUTHOR, MR. LAURENCE HOUSMAN



ENIGMATIC MR. REX WHISTLER (WHO DID THE  
DÉCOR) AND LAUGHING LADY CAROLINE PAGET



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS  
OF SUTHERLAND

The opening night of poet-author Laurence Housman's "Victoria Regina," at the Lyric Theatre, was honoured by the presence of the Duke and Duchess of Kent. Their Royal Highnesses appeared extremely interested in this presentation—by a series of thumbnail sketches, as it were—of the personal life and character development of Queen Victoria, from the day of her Majesty's accession up till the Diamond Jubilee. It will be remembered that "Victoria Regina," in which Pamela Stanley brilliantly plays the title-rôle, was first given at the Gate Theatre two years ago, at which time the Lord Chamberlain refused it a licence for public performance. Now the ban on a stage impersonation of Victoria the Great has been lifted. The first-night audience found Mr. Housman's masterpiece, which ran for nineteen months in New York, absorbing entertainment, and also greatly admired its Rex Whistler *décor*. The Duchess of Sutherland saw Mabel Terry-Lewis admirably representing the wife of the second Duke of Sutherland, and Carl Esmond's engaging study of Prince Albert was also applauded. Dame Marie Tempest had plenty to say about the play to Mr. James Agate; what Mr. Agate had to say on the same subject was Sunday news. Commander Lord Louis Mountbatten and Lady Louis Mountbatten, Lady Caroline Paget, Lord and Lady Anglesey's eldest daughter, the Basil Deans, and Mr. Noel Coward were other members of a very full house





“ And my husband—being a fearful stickler for form—insists on drinks all round every time it's done in one ! ”

By DENNIS MALLET





## AN IMPRESSION OF A CO

By F. C. D.

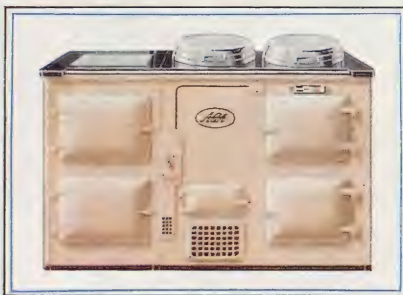


COUNTRY HORSE AUCTION





ALEXANDRE-FRANÇOIS DESPORTES (1661-1743) came of a peasant family living in Champignol, Champagne. He studied in Paris at the studio of a Flemish painter, Nicolaus Bernaert. Most of Nicolaus' money went on drink (Desportes recorded—*Il n'était plus question chez lui ni de cuisine ni de cuisine*), but he was a worthy pupil of Snyder's: and through him Desportes established in France the Low-Country tradition in still-life of realistic representation and dexterous brushwork. This painting is reproduced by permission from the picture in the Wallace Collection.



WHAT we see in a painting calls up associations, touches special interests, starts new trains of thought. A gardener, for instance, looking at this still-life, will probably let his eye rest enviously on the show-piece plums and peaches. For a sportsman—the game's the thing! The partridge will carry him back in memory to the stubbles of his past Septembers. But to cooks and gourmets the painting must recall fine food, making the savoury smell of *Civet de Lièvre*, *Canard à la Presse* and *Bécasse Flambée* rise in their nostrils and causing them, perhaps, to pay a silent tribute to the Aga Cooker, that master of food and miser of fuel which at last brings back the traditional flavour of the roast. For the Aga helps cooks to rise to heights they never dreamed of. Clean with the cleanliness of cream and chromium, standing ready day and night, this cooker has already brought a happy new reign of comfort and good temper to more than twenty thousand kitchens.

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## WHEN ROEHAMPTON ENTERTAINED THE TENNIS STARS



MR. TEDDY TINLING AND  
M. A. LACROIX, FROM BELGIUM



MRS. SELWYN WITH MISS ELIZABETH  
RYAN, OVER FROM CALIFORNIA



MISS H. BROOKES WITH  
M. JACQUES BRUGNON



FRANCE'S NO. 1 SINGLES PLAYER:  
M. MARCEL BERNARD



MISS BILLIE YORKE (RIGHT) WITH THE  
COMTE AND COMTESSE DE LA VALDENE



LADY ROWALLAN, MR. I. G. COLLINS,  
AND MISS PAT O'CONNELL

The day before "Wimbledon neck" became once more a fashionable complaint, overseas and British players forgathered by invitation at the Roehampton Club, and the camera had a busy time keeping pace with all the celebrities present. An early victim was Jacques Brugnon, who, with Borotra, is the last of France's once so redoubtable "musketeers," Cochet being now a professional and Lacoste having definitely given up competitive tennis. The young generation of French stars is headed in 1937 by Marcel Bernard, immediately above whom on this page is seen the Belgian Davis Cup player, A. Lacroix. Her many English friends were delighted to see Miss Elizabeth Ryan again; this winner of innumerable doubles championships has gone professional and nowadays lives in California. The former Señorita de Alvarez plays tennis for France since her marriage to airman-motorist Comte de la Valdene. Miss Billie Yorke (G.B.) holds the French Ladies' Doubles Championships with Mme. R. Mathieu. Lady Rowallan and I. G. Collins entered together for the mixed doubles at Wimbledon.



# Pictures in the Fire

By  
"SABRETACHE"

that, in spite of your assertions, you are just as yellow as a buttercup.

The announcement that the Nach Paris and A Berlin quarrel, which dates back to the time when Attila lost the first Battle of the Marne, has been composed must be a matter of the most extraordinary satisfaction to the whole world. The Stupid Man

in the Street has always been under the impression that when an Irresistible Force meets an Irremovable Obstacle, and that when oil meets water, some sort of unpleasantness is bound to occur. However, as a very great philosopher, name of Touchstone, very sagely remarked: "IF is your only peace-maker!" Personally, I have never believed that Touchstone was as smart a guy as he pretended to be, because you can argue the other way round quite as glibly. For a taste, you can say: "Look you, you blue-nosed swab, if you said so—



WITH THE HAWKSTONE OTTERHOUNDS AT CAERBERIS, BUILT WELLS

The pursuit of the otter is necessarily a summer pastime, since it involves much standing in running streams and similar cooling processes. This group was taken at a recent otter-hunting fixture in the west. Included in the group of keen followers to be seen above are: Mrs. P. Stanier, Mr. Pelling, Major Berrington, Miss Daphne Moore, Mrs. Berrington, Mrs. Carter Lewis and Captain and Mrs. Wynne-Edwards

IF observant, you may have noted that the injustice perpetrated upon the poor little pup who was so stupid as to sit down alongside a wet umbrella is still being carried on against our unfortunate country. The legend under that somewhat rude picture in an amusing French paper was this: "*On dira que c'est moi!*" The pup had tears in his eyes. He knew that there was not a dog's chance of their putting the blame on the umbrella. So it

is with us. If A pushes B's face in and causes him to run like a scalded cat, or if C does a dirty trick on D, no matter whether these events happen in Siam, Pekin, Balham, Madrid or Clapham, it is always the fault of Great Britain. We get called "hyenas," "bandits," "gorillas," "Barabbases," "Judases," or anything unpleasant like that, just because our accusers have the mentality of the person who, when enraged, has got to kick something and, if it happens to be a hard chair, usually hurts his toe. It is at all times rather silly to hold yourself up to the possibly unsympathetic public view as a hell of a hero. There are always such a lot of people about who know



Truman Howell

SPEECH DAY AT SHREWSBURY SCHOOL: SIR OFFLEY WAKEMAN, SIR HAROLD KITTERMMASTER AND MAJOR H. H. HARDY

Sir Offley Wakeman is chairman of the Board of Governors and Major Hardy is headmaster of Shrewsbury School, where this photograph was taken on Speech Day. Sir Harold Kittermaster is an Old Boy; he is Governor of Nyasaland and was the Speaker on this occasion. Sir Offley Wakeman is the fourth Baronet; he was formerly in the Grenadiers



Truman Howell

THE GENTLEMEN OF HEREFORD XI. v. THE K.S.L.I.

The fixture of the K.S.L.I. v. Gentlemen of Hereford, is a regular feature of the King's Shropshire Light Infantry's annual cricket week. The regimental team is seen in the picture opposite. The Gentlemen of Hereford, who scored 230 and 130 for 6, are: (standing) D. A. Wargent, H. A. P. Clay, J. M. Thornycroft, A. C. Adams and T. C. Green; (seated) H. A. Picton, G. L. Clay, Lt.-Col. M. Thornycroft, C.B.E., D.S.O. (captain), F. J. Pryce-Jenkins and S. Freeman





MAY WEEK AT CAMBRIDGE: THE PEMBROKE COLLEGE BALL

Crisp

A group of stewards and their friends; the names being: (standing) N. W. H. Gaydon, Miss H. Roderick, G. Millard, Miss Pamela Young, R. Ravenhill, Miss Peggy Warren, R. Palmer, Miss Felicia Bagott, T. D. Forman, Miss Phyllis Bensley, P. N. Langrishe; (seated) Miss Mary Webb, T. M. R. Paton, Miss Ruth Grundy, C. Simpson, Miss Joan Hobson, R. C. A. Brandrum, Miss Lorna Ravenhill, G. M. Milne and Miss L. Robinson

I say so, and here's one in the solar plexus and another one on the point to be going on with!" "If" is the basis of most actions for slander. An eminent General remarked quite a bit ago: "*La France ne mord plus, elle a perdu ses dents!*" He was perpetrating a rather witty pun in the last two words. But, of course, La France has had a very good new set put in since that fateful occasion and could bite quite hard if and when the occasion demands. However, this Lion and Lamb compact is splendid so far as it may go. So far as

my reading has carried me, even the Blue Alsatian Mountains are to be dissolved in the smoke of the calumet of peace. I sincerely hope that all this comes true and that that troublesome word "if" does not, yet once again, wreck the whole shooting match.

The appalling disaster to the gallant German expedition on Nanga Parbat, has naturally evoked the sympathy of all of us, especially of those who may have been within range of either this mountain or her even more precipitous sister, Chumolarhi. I do not believe that either of them will ever be safe. Nanga Parbat does not mean "the Naked Goddess," but the "Naked Parbati," the lady having been a goddess in the Hindu Pantheon. To call her "naked" is very apt, because the higher peaks are in places so steep that snow will not lie. Chumolarhi, whose name means "Queen of the Snows," and who is 26,000 ft. against Nanga Parbat's 23,000, is even worse. I claim to know them both fairly well, having seen the "Naked Goddess" quite close when in Kashmir, and lived with the "Queen of the Snows" most of the time that I was on the Tibet Expedition of 1904. To an amateur mountaineer it seems to have been tempting

(Continued on page xiv)



Truman Howell

A REGIMENTAL CRICKET WEEK: THE KING'S SHROPSHIRE L.I. XI. The K.S.L.I. held their annual cricket week at Hereford recently and the above group was taken on the occasion when they drew with the Gentlemen of Hereford. They compiled, in this match, 207 and 191 for 5. The names are: (standing) Sgt. W. Roberts, Sgt. J. Knox, Lt. M. Thornycroft, J. G. Hawkins, R. J. Hereford, C. H. Porter (umpire) and Capt. W. Careless; (seated) Major R. G. Smithard, Major R. L. Green, Capt. N. M. Hughes-Hallett, Lt. J. L. Reeves and Capt. D. Colville



HOG-HUNTING IN RAJPUTANA: THE NAZIRABAD TENT CLUB

The Nazirabad Tent Club, which has its home in Rajputana, draws its membership mostly from the Gunners, the Lincolnshire Regiment, and the Rajputana Rifles. They have had a most successful season this year in that sporting neighbourhood. In this picture are: (at back) R. B. Williams, P. G. Wormell, Capt. C. Melville, D. R. Wilson; (in front) T. A. W. Bulkeley, J. E. T. Pim, H. Roosmale Cocq, D. A. O'Connor and H. H. Dyas



## BUBBLE AND

## SQUEAK



POLLY THE PIGEON



AND HER



ATTRACTIVE FAMILY

THE old-fashioned doctor had examined the poor man's eyes, and took his wife on one side and said: "I fear expensive optical treatment is beyond your means, but let him wash his eyes around every morning with a little brandy and water, and I will call and see him again."

The doctor returned in a week, and asked how the good man was getting on.

"Alas, doctor," said the wife, "he has tried his best to bathe his eyes like you said, but he can never get the cup past his mouth."

A very keen cricketer took his wife to watch him play for the first time. Going in first wicket, he batted right through the innings and saved his side. Very pleased indeed with himself, he immediately went to where his wife was seated, and greeted her.

Her reply was: "Other women's husbands can go in and come out again in order to be with their wives; but not you. No, you must stay there the whole afternoon and leave me alone."

A long, sleek, streamlined and high-powered car slid into the drive-way of a petrol station.

"How many, sir?" asked the attendant, giving the car an admiring look.

The motorist stuck his hand in his pocket and said: "One gallon, please."

"One gallon!" cried the attendant. "What are you tryin' to do—wean it?"

A visitor at the house asked the small girl which member of the family she liked best.

"Mummy," replied the child promptly.

"And the next best?"

"My baby brother."

"And then?"

"Uncle."

Her father, who was in the room, thought this was going a bit too far, and so he chipped in. "Well, Betty, dear, when do I come in?"

Like a flash came the reply: "At two o'clock in the morning."



POLLY ON GUARD



Photos: Truman Howell

## "BEDTIME!" SAYS MOTHER

Polly, a Chepstow pigeon, has adopted a couple of motherless kittens, and her affection for her family is simply amazing. She flies into a terrible rage when anyone—and a dog in particular—comes near the nest she has prepared. She seems quite unable to understand that cats do not eat even the best selected worms, but in all other respects she is a most devoted and model mother.

once he realised his mistake, and running into the house, he gasped out to his wife.

"Arrah, Bridget, it's a narrow escape Oi've had! If Oi'd worn that suit another two days, shure it's a dead man that would be spakin' to ye this minute."

She was one of those women whose chief interest in life is trying to find out all they can about their neighbours. It was a great day for her when a new family moved into the house opposite, and she spent the day watching as the furniture was removed from the van and carried into the house.

"Well," said her husband, who knew her weakness, when he returned from business, "have you managed to find out anything about the social standing of the new folks across the way?"

"Not yet," was the reply. "But they have no car."

"No?"

"And they have no wireless, gramophone, or even a piano. I can't imagine what on earth they have got."

"Perhaps they have a bank account, my dear," said her husband very quietly.

The following sentence found its way into a schoolboy essay:

"Harpies is another name for heavenly companions."

The mistress entered the kitchen and threw up her hands in horror.

"My goodness, Jane!" she cried.

"What a kitchen! Every pot and dish is dirty. The table is a perfect litter. It will take you all night to clear things up. What have you been doing?"

"It's not so much what I've been doing, mum," replied Jane, "but your daughter has just been showing me how they boil a potato at her cookery school."

Pat had bought himself a new suit, and he made the old one into a scarecrow for his garden.

Returning home late the next night, he thought he saw a stranger in the garden. Creeping quietly up behind the figure, he felled it to the ground with his shillelagh. At



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**IDEAL SUNTAN OIL**—for those who tan naturally without burning . . . 4/6, 7/6, 12/6

**PROTECTA CREAM**—does not come off in water—invaluable against freckles. Tubes, 5/6 8/6. Jar, 12/6

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**ARDENA VELVA BEAUTY FILM**—a wonderful velvety preparation that gives legs, arms and back a lovely, even texture, concealing imperfections. These easily applied “liquid stockings” are ideal for evening or active sports. Evening, Sun-Beige, Dark. Tube, 6/6

**VELVA BEAUTY FILM DUSTING POWDER**—this lustrous Sun-Beige shade powder, applied over Velva Beauty Film enhances the natural effect . . . Box, 4/6

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# POLO NOTES : By "SERREFILE"



AT RANELAGH: MR. G. H. LOWTHER

Mr. Lowther was playing No. 1 for the Red Jackets against the Swallows in the Novices' Cup. The Red Jackets were a side of Life Guards with the addition of Captain C. T. I. Roark

for during the past week there was no real improvement in the quite abominable June. However good the performers may be, they cannot play their parts on a stage that is apt to anchor them at the moment when they are anxious to make their most effective movements. It is just like expecting a man to knock fractions off "10" for the 100 yards with one leg tied to a sack of coal. Upon such surfaces as those to which the rain has condemned polo to be played this season, the air route for the ball has been more than ever the only efficacious one; but on a spongy ground this is not always procurable, and even when it is lifted, the projectile stops virtually dead where it pitches. Hence, no matter how accurate the direction, the range is completely upset and movements which ought to spell success are unhandsonely defeated.

Much as I hate flogging a dead horse, I again suggest that there is no alternative left other than the construction of an all-weather ground. It is not as impossible as some people seem to think, and because it has never been done in this country, that is no reason at all why it should not be attempted. Polo is essentially a game which is dependent on speed and accuracy, and it never has flourished and never will, on a surface that is more like blotting-paper soaked in treacle than anything else of which I can think at the moment. Slow, spongy surfaces not only dishearten the players, but also depress the audience. Many years ago, when I first made the suggestion for the building of an all-weather ground or grounds, Messrs. Trollope and Colls were kind enough to give me a rough estimate for a sand on a solid foundation ground of roughly 400 long by 250 yards wide; but this estimate unfortunately has got mislaid. I feel that if the leading polo clubs asked this firm again, they would be only too pleased to furnish it.

POLO has suffered quite as badly from the weather as Ascot and the Tatoo at Alder-shot did, the "depression" carrying on up to the beginning of the Championship ties and a bit after,

The five-furlong sand course in Calcutta which gave me the idea, was laid on solid brick, with a top layer of six to eight inches of sand. That was designed to compete with the kind of Indian rain that falls down to the tune of two inches in about the same number of hours. It answered amazingly well, because the harder it rained the tighter the sand bound. It was an Australian idea. No one believed for one moment that it would answer, and all the owners said that it would break their horses down. It did not! In this country, where we do not get quite the torrential monsoon of Eastern climes, it might not be necessary to go to the length of a solid brick flooring, but it is absolutely necessary to have something to hold the loose surface and provide drainage. Possibly a broken brick and rubble flooring, very carefully laid and levelled, would be sufficient.

Only one thing is certain—namely, that you cannot put down sand or any similar top-dressing on bare earth and expect it to remain there, because it will not. A hard, true surface is not the thing that knocks horses' feet and legs about; an uneven one, hard or semi-hard, may do any amount of damage. The best proof of any pudding is in the eating, and there are many people besides myself now in England who can tell anyone who may be



WINNERS OF THE VICEROY'S STAFF TOURNAMENT: THE SNOWDON TEAM

The final of the Viceroy's Staff Polo Tournament in Simla was fought out between the Snowdons and the Tadpoles, the former winning by 6½ to 4. Sir Robert Cassels, the Commander-in-Chief, captained the winning side. In the picture are Captain J. Cassels, Captain W. W. A. Loring, General Sir Robert Cassels and Captain G. S. Knox

interested that the Royal Calcutta Turf Club's experiment with a sand course laid on solid brick was a success. That case, of course, was an extreme one to meet an abnormal rainfall; probably in this country a middle way could be found, say, a chalk and broken brick flooring, with sand mixed with some other powdery and not too gritty substance (shell) to top it. However, here once again is my humble submission, and I think that

(Contd. on page 11)



ALSO AT RANELAGH: LADY FIONA FULLER, MISS BETTY HOMAN AND SIR GERARD FULLER

Sir Gerard Fuller was No. 2 of the Red Jackets, who conceded half a goal to the Swallows and lost by 1½ to 2. Lady Fiona Fuller, his wife, is Lord Camden's younger daughter



*"But you really must have your Tuborg, sir"*



**TUBORG - It's REAL LAGER**





A TRIO OF CHAMPIONS

Baron von Cramm of Germany with Señorita Lizana of Chili and Miss Alice Marble of U.S.A. at the reception and tennis party for the world's best players, held at Roehampton the day before the Wimbledon fortnight opened. Germany's hopes of world championship honours are centred in Baron von Cramm and Henner Henkel, and a ladies' singles final between the little Señorita and America's leading lady is as likely as not

"**L**E Roi est mort! Vive le Roi!" It might have been invented for Wimbledon. As I watched the crowds surging round the Centre Court on the first Monday, I could not help wondering how many of them were giving a thought or caring twopence—or, rather, the price of their "soft seat"—for the absence of Perry. Precious few. So it was, too, of course, the year after Lenglen visited Wimbledon for the last time as a player. And so it will doubtless be again a hundred years from now.

And Wimbledon itself? Will the years bring many changes to the backcloth and the "props" of the performance, as well as inevitably to the personnel of the cast? "I doubt it," said the carpenter; "I doubt it very much." Small changes, naturally, but nothing spectacular. Nothing even as revolutionary as the new scenery for the *Flying Dutchman* at Covent Garden this summer; nothing as upheaving as the switch-over from the old All-England Club to the New just after the war. No; I think Wimbledon in its present format has come to stay, even down to the annual complaints that the linesmen need new optic nerves. And they certainly do. In the very first match that I watched on Court No. 1, between von Cramm and Jack Lysaght, there was a decision given at game point in the last set by a gentleman

## LAWN TENNIS :: By "RABBIT"

in a large black hat who deserved to be made to attend his own funeral in it (the black hat, I mean). Not that his decision made the least difference to the ultimate fate of the match, because it was obvious that the brilliant serving and virile smashing of the Englishman that kept on ringing the bell in the first set must finally be subdued by the German's greater all-court command, but that fact doesn't alter the serious nature of my complaint. For what happened on the first Monday of the meeting may just as easily happen on the second at a vital point in a needle match between two members of the last eight. Which will not only be tough luck on the victim, but extremely damaging to the reputation of the government of the whole meeting. Already time, and time again, I have heard complaints from many of the foreign stars that they enjoy everything else about the running of Wimbledon except for its "linesmanship." And just to show that this cannot be dismissed as foreign exaggeration, that dislike of defeat that is supposed to be such a "foreign" characteristic, but personally I should have said was "native" to a degree all the world over, I must record that in my wanderings into the wilderness behind the yew hedges I came across a tragic tableau when that extremely clever player E. C. Peters was complaining bitterly to the heavens that he had already been robbed of a dozen points by the blindness of the umpire in his match against Donald Butler. The latter would, I think, despite the regrettable softness of his ground shots, have won in any case in the end, but I also think he would have taken another couple of hours to do so if in the third set he had not been given a couple of game points that he certainly did not deserve. One ball I saw with my own eyes was certainly six inches over the baseline. But I do not blame the umpire so much for this blind decision as I blame the committee

for being so mean as not to provide linesmen on the outside courts for the back line. In a five-set match—especially between two players of the type of Peters and Butler, who enjoy nothing so much as a nice long rally—it is impossible for one pair of eyes not to blink occasionally, and the sooner the committee realise and accept this tennis truth, and set their house in order accordingly, the better it will be for the nerves of the players and for their attendant supporters on the sideline, longing to give *their* decision if only they had the right! I remember Phyllis Konstam, "Bunny" Austin's wife, confessing to me once that when her husband was playing a match on the Centre Court she found herself instinctively unsighted, so that every ball her husband hit an inch or two over the back line seemed to draw the chalk, while the balls from his opponent's racket which fell bang on the line always appeared from her seat to be a yard out! All the same, I hadn't the least interest in the ultimate result of the Peters—Butler war of attrition, so that, for once, I really could believe the evidence of my own eyes. And I repeat, the lining at Wimbledon does *not* improve.

As regards the changes I have noticed this year, apart from Roderick Menzel's white cloth cap, which he wore to commemorate his return to the lists, and Mary Hardwick's hat, off court, that looked so exactly like a dunce's cap—I can't help feeling, under the circumstances, it was extremely brave of her to

(Continued on page xx)

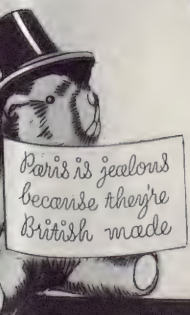


WELL MET AT ROEHAMPTON

Donald Budge, America's No. 1 player, talking to popular and attractive Miss Kay Stammers. After his somewhat crushing defeat of H. W. Austin at Queen's Club, bright-red-headed Donald Budge, holder for the second year in succession of the Singles Championship of London, is greatly fancied for supreme honours at Wimbledon. But prophesying was ever a dangerous pastime!



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# AIR EDDIES : By OLIVER STEWART

## Supper Patrol.

CAME the dawn, and with it the Dawn Patrol, a form of matutinal amusement which has roused reluctant pilots in the *invidious* hours and caused them to converge with enthusiasm upon plates of porridge. Once, at Brooklands, more than eighty privately owned aeroplanes arrived at the aerodrome before breakfast—and not one pilot was in evening dress. Surely this is irrefragable evidence of the virtues of aviation. When the "morning light creaks down again" (and at the moment of rising excruciatingly from bed the accuracy of that Sitwellian term "creaks" is apparent), man and maid take to their aeroplanes and "attack" or "defend" an aerodrome. The early worm attempts to catch the bird, for the rules are that attacking machines must pass unobserved over a line three miles from the centre of the aerodrome at a height of not less than 1000 ft. or more than 2000 ft. The defenders patrol the lines, and if they succeed in obtaining the registration letters of an attacker this counts as an interception, and the attacker has to pay for the breakfast of the crew of the defending machine.

Dawn Patrols have proved extraordinarily successful, and now they are to be followed by Supper Patrols. The ingenious Captain Duncan Davis tells me that a Supper Patrol on a large scale is being organised at Brooklands on July 4, the day when the Theatrical Garden Party is being held there. At least 150 visiting aircraft are expected, and I hear that most of the defending machines from Brooklands will be flown by women members. The patrol will take place between 5.45 and 6.30 p.m. I foresee what the scientists would call an optimum occasion. But the attackers will be torn between two emotions, one of which will urge them to penetrate the defence lines without being observed, and the other of which will urge them to surrender and go quietly. Bacon and eggs will be paid for without much of a murmur by the most scrupulous Scot; but supper—that is different. There are suppers and suppers. And it is one of the ironies of existence that the supper for Herculean road-mender William Noggs will cost 2s. 6d., while the supper for Flossie Fluffy of the Frivolities, who says that anyway she never touches a *thing* late in the evening, costs £5 18s. 6d. And sometimes it is well worth it. May the Brooklands Supper Patrol be a grand success!

## Ramsgate Opens.

On the day before the Supper Patrol, Saturday, July 3, there is the opening of Ramsgate Airport. The opener will be Lieut. Col. Sir Francis Sheldermine, the Director General of Civil Aviation, and there is going to be a short flying display. Ramsgate is one of the Whitney Straight aerodromes, and is the place where the Thanet Air Race is to be held some time towards the end of August. The other air race of the same sort is the Devon Air Race, which is to be held at Plymouth on July 24. The races are open to pilots and aircraft of any nationality and are to be flown on handicap around courses of about 70 or 75 miles, starting and finishing at the airport. First, second and third prizes in each event are £50, £25 and £10. Trophies are also given, and there are special



AN OXFORD AIRMAN: PRINCE FRANZ JOSEPH VON HOHENLOHE

Prince Franz Joseph is up at Magdalen and he is learning to fly with the Oxford University Air Squadron. This organisation has its headquarters at Abingdon, where the photograph was taken



ALSO AT HESTON: MISS M. FOOTE, COMMANDER H. PERRIN AND PRINCE AND PRINCESS BIBESCO

Some more air-minded people at Heston. Commander Perrin is the Secretary of the Royal Aero Club, the body which controls air sport in this country and has, at the same time, a great deal of say in all matters affecting private flying



ARRIVING AT HESTON: FRANCES DAY AND MR. R. EVERETT

Frances Day is the star of "Floodlight," the new show at the Saville Theatre. She is seen here on her arrival at Heston in readiness for the opening night

awards for fastest time and smartest appearance. Another race, which, unfortunately, clashes with the opening of Ramsgate Airport, though not with the Thanet race, is that between London and Newcastle, held by the Newcastle-on-Tyne Aero Club.

Racing in general is going through a period of disintegration. The big events are getting split up and are losing their big appeal. The New York to Paris event has been cancelled, in deference to the wishes of the commercialists—who believe that their cause is sacred and must be endangered by nobody. The King's Cup race is a mere shadow of what it might be. But these little events still have a certain amount of value, and it may be that from them will eventually spring a new plan.

## Third Party.

To-morrow, July 1, private flying moves one more step away from the Air Ministry and towards private control. For on that day, the third-party insurance for civil aircraft regulations are brought into operation, and the Air Registration Board begins to get a grip on things. Being one of those people who are incapable of understanding why civil aviation has ever been under the control of the Air Ministry, I welcome anything that increases its freedom. But whether insurance interests will, in fact, give it more

(Continued on page x)





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that is*

# BOOTH'S

THE *Matured* GIN

THE ONLY GIN WITH THE BLUE SEAL OF THE INSTITUTE OF HYGIENE



## THE BOOMERANG

By MARK HELLINGER



"Mother asked me to bring you this basket," he said bashfully. "She wants you to accept this little gift."

**I**N years to come, if they ever ask me to tell them my favourite story, I think I will tell them this one. And it's a very simple story, too. It has to do with an actor whose eyes are bewildered—and whose hair has grown very grey. The story is not original. It was told to me and, for all I know, it may have been printed before. But I do not think so.

When the tale was unfolded to me, no names were mentioned. And that's just as well, I guess, because it isn't the type of yarn in which I'd care to use actual names. So all I know about it is that it is the true story of an actor whose eyes are bewildered—and whose hair has grown very grey. . . .

Some twenty years ago, Joe was introduced to Muriel. Joe was about twenty-two. Muriel was about eighteen. Joe was an actor. Handsome. Curly black hair. Blue eyes. He was just another actor who was a million miles from stardom. But to Muriel he typified all that was romantic and beautiful.

For this girl was, really, little more than a child. Her father and mother, making a mistake that is all too common, had ruled her with an iron hand. They had permitted her few liberties. Muriel met Joe at a party. It was a very

proper party, or her parents would never have permitted her to attend. But Joe was there—and the kid fell madly in love with him.

It was just one of those things. They saw each other very frequently, and Muriel was soon so crazy about the boy that she could think of nothing else. She couldn't tell her parents, of course, because she knew they would never understand.

And Joe? Well, he liked her. He liked her because she was good to look at and sweet to fondle. Because she was young, and so was he. He liked her, yes. But he never loved her. . . .

Getting back now to the oldest story in the world. Beyond everything, the girl wanted to marry the boy. But Joe never mentioned marriage, so Muriel didn't either. She trusted him completely, you see. And there's no story older than that. No more than six months had passed when Joe began to grow tired. There were so many girls who were waiting to be wooed by a handsome young actor. Man tires quickly of the cutest dimples—unless they belong to the other fellow's girl.

(Continued on page 654)



# PRINCE'S PLATE

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The 'Regal' has many interesting features. Its clear cut lines will facilitate cleaning, and the modern Fork with its long Handle and short Prongs is suitable for either the Meat or Dessert courses. The Cutlery also expresses a new note; it is surprisingly comfortable in use. Table Spoons £2 10 0 doz. Forks (7¼" long) £1 18 6 doz. Soup Spoons or Dessert Spoons £1 16 0 doz. Tea Spoons £0 18 6 doz. Stainless Steel Knives (Tusca Handles) £1 15 0 and £1 11 6 doz.

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## THE BOOMERANG—(Continued from page 652)

An agent offered him a job with a stock company in the South-west. The girl who was to be the ingenue with the troupe looked very cute to Joe. He took the job. And he left the following week, without bothering even to say good-bye to Muriel. What would be the use? he felt. Good-byes are such a nuisance. . . .

Twenty years later, Joe was still an actor. Forty-two now, and no bigger in the theatre than when we first met him. He was still playing in stock, when he could locate a job. Physically, he hadn't changed much either. If you had known him twenty years before, you would have recognised him immediately. His hair was still jet black, and his eyes were that same soft blue. Outwardly, then, he was the same. But inwardly he was different.

For this man was lonely. Desperately lonely. The monotony of his life was stifling him. He knew now that he wanted someone to call his own. He knew now that he wanted to be like other humans; to have a son or a daughter to cherish and guide. He knew now that this was the one thing he wanted from life. And the knowledge that he would never have it made him a very lonely man. . . .

A short while ago, Joe was playing with a stock company in the West. I do not wish to be more definite than that, because stock companies are few and far between these days, and we don't want any identifications here. At any rate—

The curtain had just rung down on a *matinée*. Joe was in his dressing-room, removing his make-up, when the doorman entered. The doorman said there was a young chap outside with a basket of fruit for the actor. Joe smiled indulgently. He told the doorman to send the boy in. And a moment later a young man stood before him.

The boy was very young. Eighteen, possibly, or nineteen. He had blue eyes and hair that was very black. He carried a basket that was covered with paper.

"Mother asked me to bring you this basket," he said bashfully. "It's fruit. Peaches, pears, and such things. Mother saw your performance here last week and thought you were wonderful. So she wants you to accept this little gift."

"Certainly." Joe put on his kindest expression. "Certainly I'll accept it. And I know I'll enjoy it very much, too. But won't you tell me your mother's name? I'd like to write and thank her for it."

The boy shook his head. "Mother said I wasn't to tell

you our name. She said I was just to tell you it was from an unknown admirer."

Joe shrugged. He extended his hand. "Very well, then," he smiled. "If that's the way your mother wants it, I'll have to agree. Good-bye—and thanks."

"Good-bye," said the boy. And he went out, closing the door softly behind him. . . .

Joe finished his dressing. Before he left the dressing-room, he decided to have a pear. He removed the paper from the gift basket. And there, between two pieces of fruit, he saw a note.

The actor grinned as he picked it up. A *mash note*, no doubt. And the mother had sent her son with it. Doggone if some of these women weren't the limit! He opened the letter and began to read. A moment later he was clutching at his make-up table for support. For the note was from Muriel, the girl he had deserted some twenty years before. And it told an amazing story.

"Joe," the note read, "after you have read this, you will probably try to find me. But you will not be successful. I am happily married to a good man and, although you may search from now until the day you die, you will never be able to locate me."

"Here is my message, Joe. The boy who delivered this basket of fruit to you is your son. I wanted you to see him—just once. Maybe you will long to see him again, just as I longed to see you again many years ago. But you never will see him again, Joe. You never will. That's all, Joe. Good-bye." . . .

Joe isn't much good as an actor any more. In fact, he's not good for much of anything. He keeps hunting and hunting. But he can find neither Muriel nor the boy. The boy, did I say? It's HIS boy! Blue eyes. Black hair. Handsome. Joe remembers that. He can remember little else.

But what is the boy doing? Is he going to college? Is he being good? Who are his friends? Does he confide in the man he calls his father?

Yes, it's his boy. But, merciful God, if he could only see him once more! Just once again. Just to clasp the boy to him. Just to put his hands on the boy's shoulders and gaze into his eyes. Just once. Just once. . . .

And that's all there is to the story.

It's just a simple little story, you see, of an actor whose eyes are bewildered—and whose hair has grown very grey. . . .

THE END.



AT DODDINGTON CAMP: OFFICERS OF THE NORTH SOMERSET YEOMANRY

The North Somerset Yeomanry, one of the fourteen Yeomanry regiments to have so far escaped mechanisation, saw service in South Africa, and the many honours their colours carry from the Great War include "Ypres, 1914," "Loos," "Arras," "Amiens" and "Cambrai, 1918." This year they did their fortnight's training in camp at Doddington, near Bridgewater.

The names in this group are (l. to r., front row): Capt. and Qr.-Master L. M. Kirby, M.M., Capt. D. R. M. Baker, Capt. and Adj. C. Cokayne-Frith (15/19th Hussars), Major H. E. Morton, Major A. A. McBean, Col. L. P. G. Kelly, M.C., Major R. E. Davey, Capt. C. C. Hobhouse, Capt. A. C. Hemsley, O.B.E., Capt. A. J. B. Miall, R.A.M.C., and Capt. F. L. Haydon, R.A.V.C.; (back row) 2nd Lieut. J. Verney, Lieut. C. C. Allan, Lieut. C. W. Thring, Lieut. I. F. M. Spence, 2nd Lieut. D. Worral, Lieut. J. W. R. Swayne, Lieut. S. P. L. Groves, Capt. G. D. Kersley, R.A.M.C., 2nd Lieut. K. A. G. Crawley, 2nd Lieut. J. H. Mitchell, Lieut. J. R. R. Shore and Lieut. A. G. P. Evans.



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# PETROL VAPOUR : JOHN OLIVER

By

## Circuses.

IT was, I admit, an irreverent thought, but, like many irreverent thoughts, it was rational. It came upon me as I drove along the Coronation route past the stands as the dismantling was in progress. It was suggested partly by the stands and partly by the broad roads running between them. What an excellent setting, I thought, for a round-the-houses motor-car race! Imagine the scene, with, say, thirty grand-prix-type racing motor-cars, representing France, Italy, Germany, the U.S.A., and Great Britain, lined up at the start in the Mall just outside Buckingham Palace; imagine the cornering by the Admiralty Arch, the negotiation of the Marble Arch bend, of the gates at the top of Constitution Hill and the swoop down for the Queen Victoria Memorial. No doubt the old Queen would gaze at the 200-miles-an-hour cars with astonishment, yet I feel that, although she might not be "amused," she would be thrilled and interested. For she had a grasp not only of affairs, but of human psychology. And what are all these marchings and counter-marchings, these sloping arms and presenting arms, these parades and sword and gun manipulations, but to give the crowd a thrill? People must have thrills. It is mainly because human beings are ever searching for thrills that wars occur. Wise Governments give the people their circuses, their displays, their bright uniforms, their opportunities for cheering and wearing paper hats. But they do not always choose the best kind of circuses.

Train masses of soldiers, sailors and air force men to a sufficiently high proficiency, march them about before cheering crowds for long enough, and the time comes inevitably when the desire is born to see them in action; to test their proficiency in war. In order to counter that desire, military circuses should be alternated with other, equally thrilling, but more competitive circuses. There is no finer catharsis for the war desire than the big international sports contest. Our round-the-houses motor-car race in the heart of London would therefore be more than a simple spectacle or a simple thrill; it would be, in part, a substitute for war. With a sufficient number of really big international contests, done in a really big way, I believe that one of the contributory causes of war would be eliminated. Nor is it an unimportant cause. One can see it operating wherever men congregate. There is invariably the desire for a trial of strength between two or more members of the community. Opportunities should be given for such a trial, in such a manner that the least possible damage is done. Incidentally, I would run my round-the-houses race on the roads as they are—without any additional non-skid dressing—and with the corners and other hazards as they are. It would be instructive to see twenty or thirty 200-miles-an-hour machines hurtling in a mass for one of our splendid London bottle-necks. It might even teach the highway authorities a useful lesson.



WATCHING THE CRICKET AT ELLENS, RUDGWICK :  
LADY TENNYSON

Lady Tennyson was enjoying a lighter moment of the match between P. C. H. Fender's XI and the Ellens side when the photographer caught her. Her husband is the notable cricketer who captained England in 1921



AT THE RUDGWICK MATCH : D. J. KNIGHT WITH  
MR. AND MRS. GARLAND-WELLS

Three more of the Rudgwick spectators. D. J. Knight is a Surrey and England player, and H. M. Garland-Wells is also a stalwart of Surrey. The result of the match is not communicated



CRICKET AT RUDGWICK : MISS  
DIANA CLARKE AND D. R.  
JARDINE

The occasion was a charity match at Ellens, Major and Mrs. Carlos Clarke's house at Rudgwick, Sussex. Miss Diana Clarke is the host's daughter; she is with D. R. Jardine, of Surrey and England captainship fame

## Ascot Traffic.

THE handling of Ascot traffic is one of those problems which few people would care to try and solve, and I don't suppose that there is a person who envies the Chief Constable of Berkshire his job. Different people hold different views upon traffic movement, for traffic conditions vary with time and place, but my own experience this year was that things went very smoothly. One has only to look down from the air to see the streams of charabancs and motor-cars and all kinds of other vehicles, converging upon a relatively small space of open ground, to wonder how on earth they can all be accommodated and how on earth they can be evacuated again. The Ascot traffic regulations contained one or two features of more than passing interest. On all roads contiguous to the race-course, for instance, all traffic had to go on the right or offside, the change-over being made by the police at convenient points on the approach roads. Then the queueing up of private cars preparatory to departure was not allowed until 3.30, a measure which effectually circumvented the "hot-stuffer." In the past at Ascot, inconvenience and delay have been caused by chauffeurs being allowed to remain with otherwise empty cars on the approach roads or to cruise round them.

(Continued on page XIV)

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round

Brooklands . . . .



back

in the paddock

once more

you

instinctively

light

a cigarette . . .



it's curious

how

wonderfully calming

a cigarette

can be

after

a thrilling experience.

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.



## STARS THAT SHINE IN THE WEST



AT THE WEST SIDE TENNIS CLUB IN HOLLYWOOD:  
PAULETTE GODDARD AND MICHAEL BROOKE



TWO PROMINENT MEMBERS OF THE HOLLYWOOD BRITISH COLONY:  
RAYMOND MASSEY AND HEATHER THATCHER

Life in Hollywood can seldom get out of range of a camera-lens, and the ubiquitous flash-lamp found these people at the West Side Tennis Club and at the Café Lamaze. Paulette Goddard is Charlie Chaplin's leading lady who figured with him so successfully in *Modern Times*. Michael Brooke is the *nom-de-guerre* with which Lord Warwick provided himself for his invasion of Hollywood. Raymond Massey is one of the most consistently excellent of British film actors. Heather Thatcher of the eyeglass and the nonchalant manner has long been a favourite of the stage, and her film performances are no less attractive.

The Government are to control the trunk roads but they can't control the weather. Some surfaces are safer after light rain than others but the safest thing is to fit INDIA s—the tyres that have all roads in their GRIP.

Junction of  
MATHER AVENUE and  
SPRINGFIELD AVENUE  
Liverpool.



# This England . . .



Yorkshire Moors

TWO pictures does one carry for life of the great West Riding moors. The one, a folding of rich colour upon itself, from high, ling-empurpled shoulders to the red gold of dale-side trees slipping to green where hidden water in the cloughs stays Autumn's hand. The other, a majestic desolation, tearing wind and lowered cloud, the distant heights now etched against the slanting grey, now gone, as slivers of steely rain sting cheek and hand. Strong limbs and great appetite are bred here, and great ale must go down if humour and courage are to be kept up. No "small beer" will suffice, but Worthington alone, rich, great-hearted and slow-matured — in the very nature of the North.





## Polo Notes—continued from p. 646

some such first-class firm as the one I have already mentioned would implement it. I am sure that it is worth trying, and equally sure that if our polo fixtures are to cease being knocked sideways season after season, something on these lines has got to be done.

A concrete example is always better than a ton of talk, so let us take that final gallop for the Championship Cup Goulburn had at Aldershot against a British Army team. The polo as good as you could find, hardly anyone in either team doing anything that first-class exponents should not do, but time and again we saw good movements in both attack and defence slowed down to half the speed at which it was designed to carry them out. The ball stopped dead, and twice in one chukker it was trodden clean into the ground. That is a very fair index of what our grounds can do, even when only half soaked. The polo was right off the top shelf, and Captain Humphrey Guinness showed everyone his very best performance. How good that is no polo enthusiast needs to be told. But all hands did well and it is almost ungenerous to pick anyone out; all the same, some of them picked themselves, notably Lt.-Col. R. L. McCreery, who, I should think, is about as tired as the next man of our heavy grounds, especially after his 12th Lancer team's experience in the Inter-Regimental tie at Tidworth, when the 10th Hussars put them out by one goal.

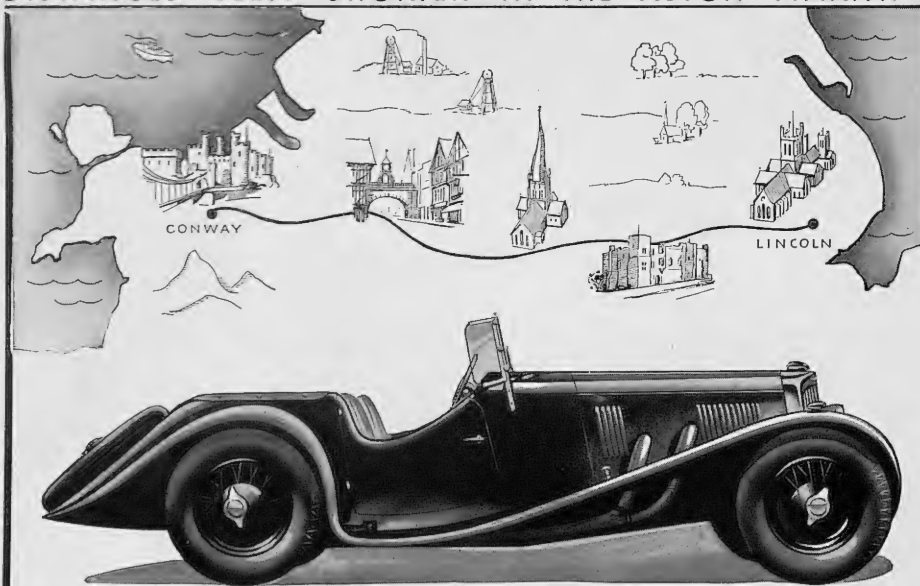
The more I hear of that game, which I did not see, the more I am convinced that it was just the spin of a coin which way it went. Further "Eye-Witnesses" have said that on this form the 10th are not certainties for the Inter-Regimental. It is difficult to say anything in these notes at the moment, because by the time they are published the semi-finals will have been played and two of these four teams will have to cross swords in the final: Royals or 10th Hussars; 15th/10th Hussars or Queen's Bays. The general tip is that it will be a 10th v. 15th/10th final, but you never can tell. On past form, perhaps, it ought to pan out like that; but win or lose, I think we all recognise that both the Royals and The Bays have a right to be considered to be well in the picture and have both come on amazingly, especially The Bays.

The Championship, unless the rain washed it out, will be over the Saturday before these notes are published, but as they have to

be written before it is played I am left fair and square up a stump. This, the most important tournament in the year's fixture list, if not a fiasco is its first cousin, not entirely because of the withdrawal of the Nawab of Bhopal's team but because of what the division of the skin of the lion has meant to our Australian friends who have come all the way from Goulburn. Rao Rajah Hanut Singh from being a "Bhopali" suddenly becomes a "Jaguar," and the Raj Kumar Prithi Singh and Captain H. C. Walford equally suddenly become "Wanderers." This is all very confusing to the public, as, indeed, are many of these sides which go into action under various *noms-de-guerre*.

One day A. is a member of a menagerie; next week he may be a "Crocodile" or a "Turtle," or even a "Penguin," and the week after that is asked to roar as loud as any sucking dove and become a beast with claws, teeth, stripes or spots. No doubt it is all very exciting, but it is confusing to the always enthusiastic spectator, who may be forgiven if sometimes he finds it rather difficult to keep pace with these kaleidoscopic changes. I feel sure that, if the game is to increase in popularity, unless some reformation is introduced, even the eloquence of our polo *muezzin* in his tower, calling the righteous and unrighteous to polo's shrine, will avail not, and that enthusiasm may flag. This, I think, must be avoided at all costs, and the only way in which it can be is for the Supreme Polo Government to issue an edict compelling, say, "The Camels," or any other animals, to name their team, plus two spares, at the beginning of every season—and stick to those lists. "Camels" should remain "Camels," and "Crocodiles" cease from turning themselves into chameleons. Teams could quite easily, I presume, name their high-goal and low-goal contest formations with an allowance of two spares, which seems a fairly liberal one; but this swopping and chopping does not amuse most people. Before H.H. of Bhopal's team broke up all the others were settled. When Bhopal did break up some of the others at once pounced upon the choicest morsels and absorbed them. Goulburn, I am certain, would have laid the amended "Jaguars" out stiff; that is, the team as it was after Mr. Winston Guest left it; but the moment they invested the brilliant Rao Rajah Hanut Singh with spots, the situation changed very materially. Goulburn represent something tangible, just as any regimental or international team does; few of these others mean anything excepting a name. This, of course, would not matter if a "Pelican" were compelled to remain a "Pelican," and not suddenly shed his feathers and put on the skin of a roaring lion, or the trunk and tusks of an elephant.

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# TIMES CHANGE



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YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL



# THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

By M. E. Brooke

THE story of the coming fashions begins with ensembles. Some of them may be seen in the Ready-to-Wear Department on the second floor of Jay's, Regent Street. Standing out with prominence in this collection is the model portrayed on the left. It is expressed in a new wool fabric of a rich duck-egg blue shade. The dress has short sleeves, with inverted pleats at the back and front of the skirt and a neat belt. As will be seen, the coat is enriched with white fox dyed a true natural blue fox colour. If preferred another fur might be substituted. A fact that cannot be too widely disseminated is that at the moment this firm is making a feature of coats and skirts for the holidays in tweeds and other suitable fabrics, and also of ensembles for early autumn wear. Some are trimmed with fur, others are innocent of it. It seems almost unnecessary to add that everything in these salons is admirably tailored, while the cut represents the acme of perfection

Picture by Blake

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it beautifies...*

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# ALWAYS IN THE NEWS

*Fashion's contributions  
for sunny summer days*

NOW Wolsey "Texray," of which the frock below is fashioned, is a new crease-resisting material made in a number of interesting weaves; then it must be related that it cleans easily and wears well. Among the important features of the dresses made of this fabric are the unusual necklines, smart high shoulders, sleeves with a difference, and really attractive buckles, brooches and scarves. The skirts are important, some with swing effects and others with godet pleats; nevertheless, they are all reinforced with Petersham elastic waistbands. The prices—well, they are from 29s. 11d. to 49s. 11d. The needs of the slender, the not so slight and those of generous proportions have all been considered

WOLSEY entered the fashion world with grace and dignity, and glided slowly along until the modes created by this firm were everywhere discussed. It seems almost unnecessary to add that they are sold by outfitters of prestige. The cardigan suit portrayed is expressed in bouclette and is available in white and colours. The short sleeve wool jumper which accompanies it is enriched with coloured motifs. The frock on the right is of Wolsey "Texray"; the collar, cuffs, and neat belt are detachable, which is indeed an immense advantage

Pictures by Blake



"You played that last set  
like one inspired"

"Your tip about massaging with  
"4711" was the inspiration"

Like a bird down the sidelines . . . miraculously up and back again . . . forehand, backhand, forehand . . . a despairing lob, the clean decisive kill . . . game, set, set all. The tension snaps like a broken violin-string—they walk wearily together to towels beneath the Umpire's stool, and, if they are wise, to rallying "4711."

At all times and all places, "4711" Genuine Eau de Cologne soothes with a cool comforting touch. Sprayed on the neck and shoulders after your bath, sir or madam, "4711" infuses new life into jaded nerves and sinews. Sprinkled on your pillow, "4711" brings you sleep when sultriness would cheat you of rest. Walking, working, riding, bathing, travelling—"4711" will protect you always—through the crushiest of crowds, the hottest of heatwaves. "4711," the pedigree Eau de Cologne, with a tradition of fragrant solace through nearly a century and a half. Still made in Cologne, the city of its birth, to soothe us in this restless day and age.

"4711" sprays  
away those  
jangled nerves!



**"4711"** Genuine Eau de Cologne

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"4711" SLOUGH, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE



made in



# THE THINGS THAT MATTER

## The Harvest of the Sales.

Women may replenish their wardrobes for the ensuing months at the summer sales for a remarkably modest outlay. Catalogues will gladly be sent on application. A brief résumé of some of the notable bargains is given below. There are furs, which can be stored until they are needed, Parisian and other models, slightly shop-soiled, and a host of accessories such as blouses, hats and stockings. Special attention should be paid to the many coats and frocks, ideal for the holidays.

## Fashion's Foundations.

Lovely stockings make shapely legs, and Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, whose sale is now proceeding, are offering the most wonderful bargains in hosiery. Over two thousand pairs of the famous "Fama" stockings in a variety of shades are being sold for 3s. 6d. the pair, while other well-known brands are also greatly reduced. The vogue for flowered prints has extended to petticoats in heavy crêpe de Chine for £1. They are beautifully cut and normally cost 29s. 6d., while others in floral shantung are reduced to 12s. 9d. There are also quilted petticoats which weigh next to nothing.

## Frocks for the "Pocket Venus."

Now is the time to buy clothes for the holidays, and the summer sale at Swan and Edgar's, Piccadilly, is in progress. All models are greatly reduced and there are outstanding bargains in every department. One particularly charming dance frock is made in poul with a full, flowing skirt and tight bodice. It is available in various colours, also black, and only costs £3, which is likewise the price of a flowered silk afternoon dress. For cooler days there is a fitting coat for £4 in wool bouclette.

## Lingerie Touches.

It is the little things which count where clothes are concerned, and a smart blouse will often "make" a tailored suit. At Harvey Nichols' (Knightsbridge) summer sale there is a charming collection of blouses, all greatly reduced. A delightful model for 10s. 9d. is in flower sprigged organdie, while another equally attractive shirt costs 15s. 9d. in fine linen. The bride-to-be will delight in a printed crêpe de Chine night-dress for 25s. accompanied by a tailored dressing-gown for 35s.

## Ready for the Holidays.

It seems a special dispensation that sales should take place just before the holiday season. Practical velour coats for 52s. 6d. are to be found at Gorringes, Buckingham Palace Road, where the sale begins on July 5, while "swaggers" in light-weight woollens are 35s. 6d. Ready for autumn are the tweed coats with collars of Indian lamb, reduced from 6½ guineas to 98s. 6d. Women who are planning a cruise will like the hats of stitched linen for 12s. 9d. And all these bargains may be packed in a "Rexine" suit-case for 6s. 9d.

## Dressing to Suit Your Type.

Lovely clothes mean so much to a woman, particularly when her face is not her fortune, as they enable her to acquire a definite individuality. Madame Barri, 33, New Bond Street, is a real artist in the graceful frocks and suits which she designs, as every model is endowed with charm and personality. She plays with prints and uses three large handkerchiefs sprinkled with sprays of apple blossom for a becoming black and white frock with a black surah coat lined with the same silk as the dress. Her evening gowns are both sophisticated and youthful. One particularly effective model for a coming-out dance is in pale malmaison pink chiffon with a full, swirling skirt and finely beaded corsage embroidered here and there with sparkling diamanté stones. The summer sale, incidentally, begins on July 1.



Simple and distinctive is this coat of fine lainage from Madame Barri, embroidered with stripes and swirls of white braiding. It is cut with square shoulders and a slightly flared skirt, which accentuates the slender waist. A gaily printed crêpe de Chine frock introduces a becoming touch of colour and completes the ensemble

## Thinking Ahead.

It is even possible to buy clothes for the autumn in the summer sales. Debenham and Freckbody, Wigmore Street, whose sale begins on July 5, have a coat in mixture tweed, with a wide opossum collar and revers, reduced to £5 from 7½ guineas. Knitted cardigan suits, suitable for the holidays, are £2. Now is certainly the moment for furs—a coat in grey American broadtail is half its original price. In the model gown department, ensembles in reversible cloqué or printed crêpe de Chine have been reduced to £6 from 10½ guineas, while a flowing chiffon evening frock is only £8. Inexpensive garden-party dresses in floral organza are 50s.

## Individual Models.

Women who appreciate the season's fashions at amazingly reduced prices will be in Chepstow Place at ten o'clock on July 5, when Bradley's sale begins. Among the model tailored suits is a smart ensemble consisting of a navy jacket trimmed with piqué worn over a grey flannel skirt; its original price of £70 has been reduced to 6½ guineas. There is a fine collection of coats, many of them fur-trimmed; one black cloth model, beautifully cut, is now 8 guineas instead of £48. An attractive afternoon dress in tucked organza over a bordered slip costs 9 guineas (reduced from £42), and there are exceptional bargains in evening frocks and smart blouses.

## Finds in Fabrics.

This is the time when unusual fabrics can be "picked up" very cheaply by the discerning buyer. There is an excellent show of them at Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, whose sale began on June 28, materials that are usually priced from 5s. 11d. to 33s. 9d. are now from 3s. to 15s., including tweeds and many novelty weaves. Dress and coat ensembles are 59s. 6d., the coats either three-quarter length or "edge-to-edge." In the fur department there are amazing bargains.

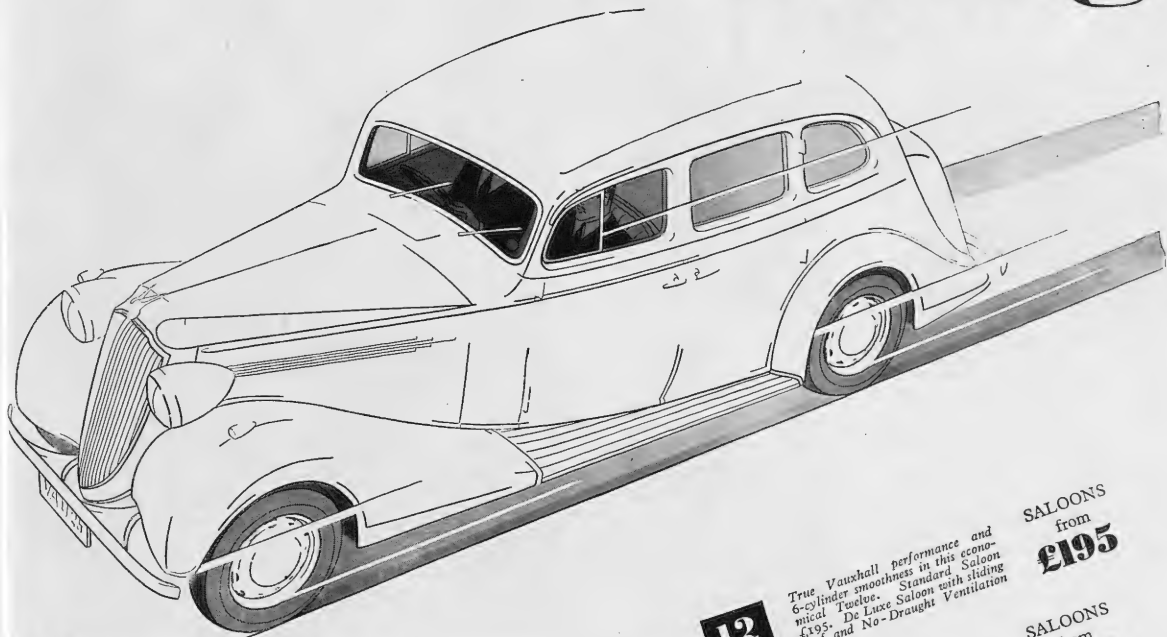
## For Cooler Days.

This may not seem quite the weather for furs, but actually these accessories are worn throughout the summer. At Woollands, Knightsbridge, where the summer sale is now proceeding, there are natural Canadian silver fox stoles reduced to 98s. 6d., while stone and baum martens are offered for 10 guineas. Coats are arranged in several groups; one example of those reduced to 98s. 6d. is in novelty woollen georgette trimmed with broadtail. Others in light fabrics are 79s. 6d.

## If Winter Comes.

Furs are steadily rising in price and now is the time to buy them as Jay's, Regent Street, are holding their summer sale. A delightful semi-swagger coat in leopard cat fur is reduced to 25 guineas, while another similar type of coat in shorn lamb is 15½ guineas. An ensemble in heavy check milanese with a plain coat in closely woven jersey cloth would be very useful for late summer and only costs 8½ guineas. Equally charming is a tailored suit in pin spot milanese with a link button coat and trim skirt. It costs 89s. 6d.

# Riding changed to Gliding



**O**VER 50,000 motorists have discovered motoring's most restful ride in the Independently sprung Vauxhalls. Road roughness is smoothed away—riding is changed to *Gliding*!

But that isn't all. To own a Vauxhall is to own all the best features in motoring. Every Vauxhall has the vivid acceleration and top gear performance that its high maximum speed implies. Every Vauxhall has such *proved* features as Body Conformity seating, No-Draught Ventilation and controlled Synchro-mesh. In appearance and fine finish too, they are all one expects from so famous a name.

When you have decided upon the price and power of your next car, try *all* the cars you know. Compare Vauxhall's acceleration, smoothness and driving ease with all the others. Any Vauxhall dealer will welcome your comparison and gladly place a car at your disposal. Catalogues on request from Vauxhall Motors Ltd., Luton.

**12  
H.P.**

True Vauxhall performance and 6-cylinder smoothness in this economical Twelve. Standard Saloon £195. De Luxe Saloon with sliding roof and No-Draught Ventilation £215.

SALOONS  
from  
**£195**

**14  
H.P.**

Lively performance and extra acceleration in this, the most popular of all Fourteens. De Luxe Saloon £215. Touring Saloon, with built-in luggage accommodation, £220.

SALOONS  
from  
**£215**

**25  
H.P.**

A big roomy five-seater saloon designed to meet world competition. 30 miles an hour, 20 miles per gallon. Saloon £298. Gravener 7-str. Limousine on long chassis, £575.

SALOONS  
from  
**£298**

**TRY OTHERS — LET A RIDE DECIDE**

# VAUXHALL

**12 h.p.**

**14 h.p.**

**25 h.p.**



# Chewed string be blowed!



## Heat's a treat when you've energy to spare

They treat heat with deference out East. Over here, we try to ignore it—do an ordinary day's work and then let the sunny evening tempt us into the best part of a day's play. No wonder a hot spell sends us 'all to blazes.' Our nerves simply can't provide a double supply of energy without *some* kind of compensation—particularly when the snack bar seems more tempting than the grill room and energising foods get left out of our diets.

It's only common sense to restore the balance with daily Sanatogen, an easily digested food (not a temporary tonic) which quickly replaces the extra energy you are using. It contains no sugar, starch or fats and quickly nourishes an impoverished blood stream and actually builds up ravelled nerves. 25,000 doctors have recommended it.

Try it to-day—not just for the good it will do you but for the extra benefits that it helps Summer weather to give. For sunshine and exercise can do more good than any doctor, medicine or special food—but only if you've got extra energy to stand the extra strain.

*"I have made it a practice to take Sanatogen every Spring—therefore I know its value. Having been abroad for nearly 22 years, mostly in the tropics, I find it the very thing to give one's system the necessary fillip before or just as the 'warm' weather begins".—Mr. B.*

# Live up to life

WITH DAILY

# SANATOGEN

Obtainable at all Chemists from 2/3 a tin. The larger sizes (3/3, 5/9, 10/9 and 19/9) are, of course, cheaper in the long run.

Sanatogen Ltd., Loughborough, Leics.

## Air Eddies—continued from p. 650

freedom than Air Ministry officials remains to be seen. And in any event it is late in the day to try to cut it loose. For a survey of civil aviation in Great Britain makes it clear that the greater part of it would not exist without Government subsidy. If the Government pays the piper it is justified in calling the tune. Almost the only large-scale civil aviation activity which is not subsidised by the Government is the construction and operation of airports, and already airport owners have asked for subsidy. For the rest it is only the ultra-light aeroplanes that are able—if I may be permitted to recall Mr. Winston Churchill's famous phrase, a phrase which now takes on a somewhat ironical flavour—to "fly by themselves."

Atlantic.

Big ideas spring up at unexpected times and in unexpected places. It has been left to Soviet Russia to produce a big idea about intercontinental air travel, for the flight of the Russian airmen, Chekalov, Baydukov and Belyakov from Moscow over the North Pole was planned on novel and interesting lines. It is almost the first flight to show an appreciation of the fact that the world is round. Yet if long-distance air travel is ever to become anything, we must



Pool, Dublin

## AT NAAS RACES IN COUNTY KILDARE

Some of the people who saw Drumlergin win the June Chase from Docker and Knockavon in one of the best races of the season. They are: Mrs. A. H. Watt, whose husband's very successful Mastership of the United in County Cork goes back to 1925, Mr. Harley Bacon, Handicapper to the Irish Turf Club, and Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Harris. Mr. Harris assists his father in the management of the Ballykisteel Stud, which was founded in County Limerick by the late George Edwardes of "Gaiety" fame

constantly remind ourselves that the world is round and that the best air routes between big cities spaced far apart are not always the same as the land and sea routes. For the land and sea routes are built up of little bits and pieces; each little bit and piece being a useful route in itself, but being ill-adapted to forming part of a complete route. Long-range, non-stop air routes should be planned *de novo*, and the planners should not be influenced by steamship routes or railway routes. They should think rather in Great Circle terms.

The Russian flight makes one wonder whether the British Atlantic plans are as far-sighted as they appear to be. There is still that northern route taken by Balbo and his big formations. Has it really been shown that it is unworkable? Or has it been dropped just because it is off the steamship routes and rather unusual?

## North Eastern Airways.

North Eastern Airways are adding to their daily air services this month. The lines between London (Croydon), Doncaster, Perth and Dundee, and Aberdeen, with request stops at York, Leeds and Bradford, and Newcastle, are being continued, and there are new services twice daily in both directions between Manchester, Doncaster, Hull and Grimsby. Additional services are provided between Hull and Grimsby, and there are connections with the K.L.M. Airline's services.

# GILBEY'S SPEY ROYAL WHISKY



All over the World

10 YEARS OLD AND ONLY TWELVE & SIX



## Ladies' Kennel Association Notes

The motor has changed all our lives, including our dogs'. No longer can the village dog roam happily about, if he does his life is short. Dogs seem to be extraordinarily foolish in this respect, and never seem to learn road sense. I suppose the reason is that the first contact with a motor is usually the last, so no experience can be profited by or handed on. The other side of the picture is that people certainly take their dogs about with them much more.

The Golden Retriever is a specially attractive dog both in appearance and disposition; he is also a good gundog and has lately done well at Trials. He is in good hands who will not let him become merely a companion, which from his ways and looks he is well suited to be, but see to his working qualities too. One of these is Miss Newton Deakin, all of whose dogs must be workers first, though they are all treated like



GOLDEN RETRIEVER PUPPIES

The property of Miss Newton Deakin

friends as well. She sends a photograph of some puppies she has; they are bred to be workers, as both the father, Noranby General, and the mother, Silence of Tone, are both good workers and game, sensible dogs. Some of the pups are for sale, and would be valuable to anyone wishing to start in this most attractive breed.

Though Miss Heuston does not, unluckily, show as much as she used to, she still has her well-known kennel of Pekinese. She

the Border has appeared on the Show bench; so far he has not been spoilt and has been allowed to keep his wide head and short muzzle. The average Border is a quiet dog, but will face anything alive. Lady Portman owns a successful kennel of Borders, and sends a photograph of a picture by Miss Fox of two ladies; they are the grandmother and great-grandmother of Staple Scurry, who won the certificate at the Joint Terrier Show.

Letters to Miss BRUCE, Nut-hooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



SIN FAN OF GREYSTONES

The property of Miss Heuston



BORDER TERRIERS

The property of Lady Portman



Regular attention with a HINDES brush is one of the first essentials if you want your dog to look and feel the picture of health. With its claw-shaped metal pins, a HINDES dog brush combs as it brushes, removing all dead and loose hairs in one operation.  
For Short-coated Dogs No. 7028 1/9 each  
For Long-coated Dogs No. 7029 1/9 each  
For Rough-coated Dogs No. 7030 2/9 each  
From Chemists, Dog Shops and Stores.  
Supplied in 3 colours: Red, Blue and Green.



Consultations free. Hours 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Write or telephone:

**THE HYSTOGEN INSTITUTE (EST. 1911)**  
40, Baker Street, London, W.1. Tel.: Welbeck 5846



**Bermuda**  
PLEASURE ISLAND

## The EYES are the foundation of true LOVELINESS

This is one of the many miracles of facial improvement achieved by the scientific Hystogen-Derma process, the result of 25 years' constant practice. The above photographs are unretouched and the second was taken one week after the treatment. Restoration of facial contour; nose remodelling, removal of double chin, nose-to-mouth lines, skin flaws, accident scars, etc., are all equally successful, painless and safe. 10,000 men and women permanently rejuvenated by this famous specialist.

## TRAFFIC TAKES A HOLIDAY

There is a land where carbon monoxide will never soil your lungs... where no speed maniac or demented taxicab can send you scuttling to the kerb... where clamouring horns and screeching brakes are utterly unknown. On this island already you will find peace... for cars are barred from Bermuda. Here you will find as much or as little to do as you want. Golf... tennis... sailing... fishing... swimming... dancing... or the more leisurely occupation of sun-bathing.

"BUT CAN I AFFORD BERMUDA?" Return fares to this old and ideally situated Atlantic colony cost as little as £36. For further information apply to your travel agent, or to the Bermuda Trade Development Board, 329 High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

sends a picture of one of her dogs and the following note: "Sin Fan of Greystones is a very valuable asset in my kennel, as he combines my two best lines, his father being Ch. T' Ouen and his mother a daughter of my tiny black miniature, Sutherland Avenue Fo, who has been my constant companion since I bought him from the late Mrs. Weaver about five years ago. He, though so very small, only 5lb., is a wonderful little sire." Miss Heuston usually has puppies and young dogs for sale as companions or for show.

The Border Terrier is a really game terrier, as is right in a dog which comes from the most sporting part of the kingdom. He is also a very pleasant companion, affectionate, good-looking, very hardy and not a fighter. He is extremely popular in the land of his origin, one sees him everywhere on the Border. It is only comparatively lately that

**BEAUTIFUL Ringlet Curls**  
QUICKLY MADE AT HOME

Roll a damp lock of hair around finger and fix clip until dry. From HAIRDRESSERS' STORES & BOOTLS. 6d. per card of 2 large clips or 3 small. Jorrett, Reinsford & Loughton Ltd. Birmingham

**Ladye Jayne CURL CLIP**

**SUPERFLUOUS HAIR: MOLES, NÆVI, WARTS, Etc.,** permanently removed without injury to the skin. Mrs. Frazer Brown successfully treats these blemishes by the latest scientific method and is recommended by leading doctors. Free consultations and moderate fees. **MRS. FRAZER BROWN, 71 New Bond St. Tel.: Mayfair 1483. W.1.**

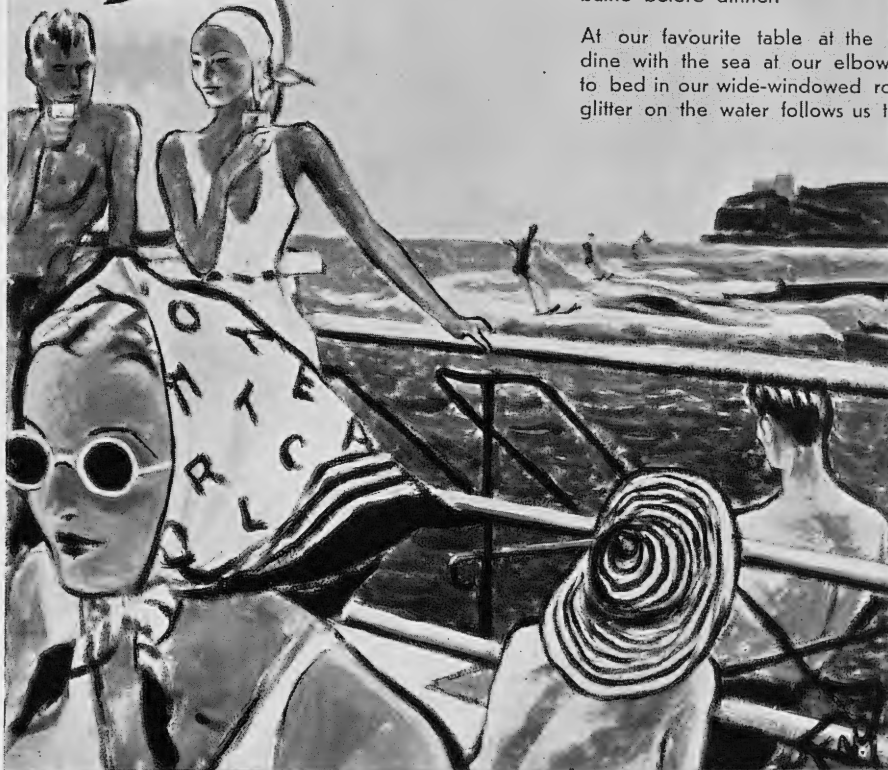
## A DENTIFRICE for the DISCRIMINATING

**DR. PIERRE's Liquid DENTIFRICE**  
Antiseptic and refreshing. A carefully blended combination of aromatic oils.

2/- to 8/6 from all Chemists & West End Stores



# Monte Carlo Beach



## Monte Carlo Day—Accent on the Sea

To-day we'll rock-bathe, diving off the point into deep water so clear we can see every frond of the waving seaweed fathoms below.

We'll lie in the sun till we're dry and then take a speed-boat and go far, far out, breaking the enamel surface with our sharp bows, looking back at the whole lovely coastline.

After lunch—how hungry we are—we'll go water-ski-ing; we are good at it now, and like to show off to beginners.

We're invited to tennis and cocktails but no, we can't leave the Beach until after our last languid bathe before dinner.

At our favourite table at the Summer Sporting, we dine with the sea at our elbow. Even when we go to bed in our wide-windowed room, the silvery moon-glitter on the water follows us to the edge of sleep.

## When We Asked About Monte Carlo, They Reminded Us—

About the two **Beach Hotels** right down by the sea, and the famous **Hotel de Paris** in the town, and that this Summer, to prevent overcrowding, the latter's annexe will be open as well.

That en pension terms at each of these include lunch at the **Beach Restaurant** and dinner at the **Summer Sporting**.

About the **Summer Sporting Club** where centres Monte Carlo's night-life — dining, dancing and gambling in the open air.

That nowadays the dance bands play all through the evening, and that **Leo Reisman** and **Carroll Gibbons** from the Savoy (London) have been engaged to make this season's music.

That water-sports include rock, sand and pool bathing, every kind of diving, water-ski-ing, aquaplaning and speed-boating.

That land-sports offer tennis on the **Country Club's** twenty-one hard courts, golf up on the cool heights of **Mont Agel**.

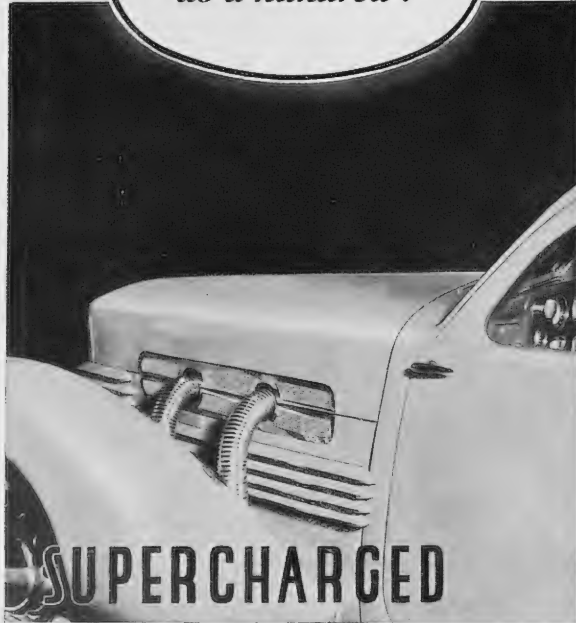
That this year that crazily exciting motor race, the **Grand Prix** around the Monte Carlo houses, will happen in August.

That Monte Carlo food is famous (most great chefs have worked here) and the summer standard is as high as tradition tells.

About the new "**Sun Beach**" cure—sun, sea, air and massage for slimming and browning, plus a special fruit and vegetable bar.



...but who wants to  
do a hundred?



# CORD

Few people who buy the supercharged Cord are ever likely to drive it at its top speed, which under the right conditions is in the neighbourhood of 112 m.p.h. Yet the fact that the Cord is capable of such speeds must surely be proof positive of its stamina and safety. At sixty, seventy, eighty, the Cord will cruise along effortlessly hour after hour, completely safe, uncannily quiet, the engine merely "loafing." In their March 26 issue, the *Autocar* publishes details of their Road Test on the Cord . . . timed speed of no less than 102 m.p.h. . . acceleration from 30 to 50 m.p.h. in 4.6 seconds . . . from rest to 50 in 10.5 seconds . . . from rest to 70 in 19.6 seconds. The *Autocar* also says:—" . . . Really the acceleration of this machine is tremendous, and the test figures show the point very thoroughly. Yet weather conditions were far from favourable to those tests . . . There is no question that a terrific performance is given . . ." SUPERCHARGED MODELS FROM £995. UNSUPERCHARGED FROM £895.



AUBURN • CORD • DUESENBERG

## Petrol Vapour—continued from p. 656

### Veteran Cars.

On Sunday, July 4, the Veteran Car Club will hold its Rally and Reliability Trial, the rallying point being the Cricketers Inn, Bagshot, which is 27 miles from London on the main London-Basingstoke road. The route has been devised so that the running time for the Reliability Trial will be about two hours and the schedule speed 20 miles per hour. All cars are required to carry one passenger. Incidentally, the formula used in the rally for determining the awards is entertaining. It is:  $A^2 \times D$ , where A = the age of vehicle and D = distance in miles travelled to the rally.

While I am on this veteran vehicle business I must mention that one of the features of the Morris Car Rally to Lilleshall Hall on September 12 will be the inclusion of special sections to encourage entries from owners of bull-nose Morris cars. Although this type of car has not been built for twelve years, thousands are still in use. Prizes will be awarded to the oldest Morris car to arrive as well as in the classes for the best-kept cars of the bull-nose type. Those old Morris cars are really remarkable, and news comes to me of one which called at the works at Oxford the other day with a total mileage of 350,000 without a cylinder rebore. This is a 1924 car. And in view of the fact that whenever I mention a record of that



FAST, HANDY, AND COMFORTABLE: THE TWO-LITRE M.G. FOLDING-HEAD FOURSOME

The M.G. Two-litre Folding-head Foursome is an attractive form of speedy and comfortable motor-car. The wide-opening door gives easy access to both front and rear seats; it has a winding window of the full width of the door, a pleasing feature

kind I get letters from people who claim to have done as well, here is another challenge. Mr. A. Atkins, of the Dunlop Rubber Company, drove 51,000 miles in 1936, and in ten years he drove cars for more than 450,000 miles. Any advance on 450,000?

### Halt and Stop.

At last the Minister of Transport has decided to take action to clear up the Halt sign muddle. It will be recalled that the courts have decided that "Halt" on these signs means stop for a moment. It is differentiated from the signal Stop in that one may go on again after a pause for an indeterminate period, whereas with a stop sign one is presumed to wait until the signal changes. But the problem was where should the car be halted? Should it be halted near the sign or at the major road ahead. And where exactly is "at the major road ahead"? In a country where common sense dictated the enforcement of law it is doubtful if these problems would ever have been of the slightest importance; but, like all bad laws in England, these were seized upon as a means of making more criminals. Neither police nor motorists knew what was the correct interpretation of the law, so the police prosecuted on chance. Commander Oliver Locker-Lampson has now extracted an official interpretation of the Halt sign in Parliament, and he has also extracted the promise that the Ministry of Transport has decided to authorise the painting of a line to indicate where the car should be stopped.

## Racing Ragout—continued from p. 620

A still more curious thing was that the judge changed the numbers, which caused more laughter still. While I am sure that the mistake was made by the man who put up the numbers or that the judge called the wrong number by mistake, yet to change after the demonstration in what was not an obvious and blatant error was not a good precedent. While Folkestone is very pleasant in the sunshine, the goldfish mating in the ornamental water are of considerably more interest than the racing. I think the executive should go the whole hog and advertise races such as appeared in the Calendar for a meeting in the North for "horses of any age which have never been placed in the first three in any flat race." That's like a cheap jack-pot. It lets us all in.

# The HUDSON Eight

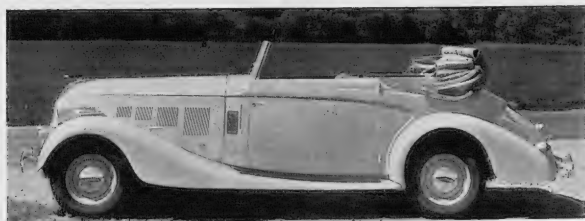
## *Tickford Foursome Coupe*



Hudson 8 Tickford Foursome Coupe £525 (also available on Terraplane 6 chassis)

## Beauty and Distinction with Sports Car Performance

Good-looking, almost classical in its striking simplicity of shape, the Hudson 8 Tickford Foursome Coupe is a splendid example of the sensible streamlining which English Coachbuilding can achieve. Superbly finished, every detail meticulously studied, it provides all the advantages of open air motoring yet can be changed to a completely closed car in a few seconds. The engine and chassis are the same that have made the Hudson Eight famous. Smoothly developed power, effortless silent acceleration and all the exclusive mechanical features perfected by Hudson are here . . . waiting to make driving a new, more exciting experience for you.



*Catalogue on request . . . trial runs gladly arranged.*

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West End Showrooms: **SHAW & KILBURN LTD., 117, GREAT PORTLAND STREET, W.1** (Langham 3121)

Hudson Sixes from £385 • Hudson Eights from £395 • Terraplane Sixes from £285 • Terraplane De Luxe Sixes from £335

**BEAUTY . . . COMFORT . . . DISTINCTION . . . POWER . . . SAFETY**



# “ my arches let me down”

Like most other women in my shoes, I put smartness before commonsense. I paid for it dearly with cramped feet and fallen arches. Work was misery; the only shoes that promised relief looked a fright, so I suffered in silence.

To-day, you're luckier with Arch-Rite shoes

They make comfort and style hit it off nicely together, with support for your arches that makes walking a delight. You won't feel a martyr or look a frump in fashionable new Arch-Rites, & the price won't worry you



Smart Oxford laced walking shoe in nigger suede with glacé strapping and toe-cap to match... 32/6

## ARCH-RITE FASHION-SHOES

MODELS AT 25/-, 27/6, 29/6 AND 32/6

Made by the firm that makes  
Start-Rite shoes for children, in the  
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Write for name of nearest stockist and  
Booklet of Arch-Rite styles to  
START-RITE FACTORY, DEPT. C.5, NORWICH

## WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS



Kay Vaughan

MISS MOLLY CHAPMAN

The eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Chapman, of Hillfield, Harrow-on-the-Hill, who is to marry Captain Saunders Edward Chamier, M.C., R.A. (ret.), the son of the late Captain S. Chamier, R.H.A., and Mrs. Herbert Cory, of 14, Roland Gardens, S.W.

Westcott, Surrey, and Ella Mildred, elder daughter of Sir Duncan and Lady Watson, of Scamells Corner, Holmwood, Surrey; Lieut. Harold Wynn Loughborough, R.N., of H.M.S. *Olympus*, 4th Submarine Flotilla, eldest son of Major and Mrs. T. W. Loughborough, of Cheltenham, Surrey, and Miss Maureen Austin Moir, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Archibald B. Moir, of Cornhill, Hong Kong; Dr. N. M. Jerram, younger son of the late Admiral Sir Martyn Jerram, K.C.B., G.C.M.G., and the late Lady Jerram, and Mary Elizabeth (Betty), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Whitby, of Fairlie House, Epsom; Mr. Gerald T. Corley Smith, H.M. Consular Service, eldest son of Mr. Thomas Corley Smith, of Bolton, Lancs, and Joan, elder daughter of Mr. Godfrey Haggard, C.M.G., O.B.E., H.M. Consul-General at Paris, and Mrs. Haggard; Baron Vincent de la Boissiere, son of Baron and Baronne de la Boissiere, of Château de Giverche, Toulon-sur-Arroux, and Miss Genesta Elton Maud, of Château de St. Jean, daughter of the late Mr. B. R. and Mrs. Elton



MISS MARGERY CLERK

The engagement was announced recently between Mr. Richard Thornton, Royal Tank Corps, the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Thornton, of East Ashling House, near Chichester, Sussex, and Miss Margery Alice Clerk, the elder daughter of the late Mr. Herbert Edward Clerk, and of Mrs. Clerk, of 9, Courtfield Gardens, S.W.

### Marrying Next Month.

Dr. Alexander Graham Hemsley and Miss Faith Tempier are being married at Milton Ernest Church, Bedfordshire, on July 24, and the wedding of Mr. Gerard d'Erlanger and Miss Gladys Sammut will take place at the Church of the Assumption, Warwick Street, on Friday, July 9; on July 24, Mr. Edmund Stockdale marries the Hon. Louise Fermor-Hesketh at St. Mary's, Easton Neston, Wroster.

### Recent Engagements.

Mr. J. A. Lowther, son of the late Hon. C. W. Lowther and Lady George Cholmondeley, of 18, Porchester Terrace, W., and Priscilla, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Lambert, of Braclawell Lodge, Ardgay, Ross-shire; Mr. W. A. Fairclough, elder son of the late Mr. Walter Fairclough, of Wingham, Claygate, and Mrs. Walter Fairclough, of Woodlands,



Hay Wrightson

MISS PAMELA NICHOLL

Who is to marry Mr. Thomas Elliot Willoughby Waddington, the elder son of Mr. Charles W. Waddington, C.I.E., M.V.O., and Mrs. Waddington, of Jodhpur, India, is the third daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Charles Nicholl, of Millwards, Wargrave, Berkshire

Maud (née Gaudin de Villaine); Mr. Peter Gerald Shillitoe, only son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Shillitoe, of Hitchin, Hertfordshire, and Miss Yvonne Mary Phillips, elder daughter of Mr. Herbert Phillips, C.M.G., O.B.E., H.M. Consul-General at Shanghai, and of Mrs. Herbert Phillips; Mr. Nicholas Astell Kaye, third son of the late Dr. H. M. Kaye, M.D., and of Mrs. Kaye, of Broughton House, Melksham, and Miss Cecily Kidston, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Kidston, of Hazelbury Manor, Box, Wilts, and ra, St. James's Square, S.W.; Mr. John Anderson, barrister-at-law, only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Armstrong, of Westoe House, South Shields, and Miss Joan Elizabeth Campbell Lenoyd, only daughter of the late Captain Geoffrey E. D. Lenoyd, and of Mrs. Geoffrey E. D. Lenoyd, of Ardishaig; Captain Ian McNair, eldest son of Mr. A. W. McNair, C.S.I., O.B.E. (I.C.S., retired), and Mrs. McNair, and Miss Daphne Whitworth, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Whitworth, Macclesfield.

## The EMPIRE GROUP OF HOTELS

ALWAYS FIRST-CLASS

The Hotel's comprising this well-known group appeal to those who value twentieth-century comforts.

The keynote is efficiency in service — cheerful surroundings — amusements for the younger generation as well as for those of quieter tastes — food of the best quality skilfully prepared, and wines from our Central Cellars with a 70 years' reputation.



### THE GRAND HOTEL Scarborough

Golf, Motoring, Riding, Fishing, Dancing and full benefit of the glorious Yorkshire Coast and Moors can be enjoyed at this magnificently placed Hotel.

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Lynton - The Valley of Rocks  
Ramsgate - The Granville  
Scarborough - The Grand  
Southampton - The South-Western

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Bailey's Hotel  
Gloucester Road, S.W.7.  
South Kensington Hotel,  
Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.

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or from Head Office, 35 New Bridge St., E.C.4.

# SUMMER SUITS

THE GREAT  
advantage of  
a Ready-to-wear  
Suit is that you  
can see it on  
before you buy

6½  
gns.

(Also from 5½ to 8½ gns.)

*Illustrated Catalogue  
sent on request.*



**MOSS BROS**

& CO. LTD.

**COVENT  
GARDEN**

CORNER of KING ST. & BEDFORD ST. W.C.2  
TEMPle Bar 4477 (PRIVATE BRANCH EXCHANGE)



# What will you drink



Tired and thirsty—a pause for energy-giving refreshment. Perrier Water pure and as health-giving as sunlight, bubbling over with vitality from the famous Natural Spring, is more than a drink.

Ice cold Perrier Water is delicious with a slice of lemon or with your whisky—brandy—fruit juices etc. and it's so refreshing.

Naturally aerated, no artificial gas is added. Drink Perrier Water on all occasions.

WITH NATURE'S COMPLIMENTS

## perrier

The Champagne of Table Waters

Served at leading Hotels, Restaurants. Sold by Wine Merchants and Stores, at reduced prices, owing to favourable exchange rates, of 2½d., 5d., 9d. and 1/-.

## Lawn Tennis—continued from p. 648

appear in it at all, and Miss Alice Marble's cry to the committee for Koka-Cola, which temporarily set the caterer's staff back a bit, the most exciting innovation to date was a link-up with the future when portions of the play on the Centre Court were televised, and it was remarked next day admiringly in the newspapers: "The tennis balls were actually visible to the naked eye in this broadcast." Fancy that, now!

The players who unconsciously found themselves in the rôles of actors for once—unpaid, of course—were Austin and Lyttleton Rogers, Menzel and Jack Crawford. I hope that those possessors of television sets thought that they were getting their money's worth. Personally, I thought the tennis was dull and dreary to a degree. Austin will have to play far better than this before even the first week is over, while his opponent, who looks a clumsy performer because of his six-foot six inelegance when viewed from the ground level, looks like something on stilts lumbering about the court when seen from the heavens. While as for the Menzel-Crawford encounter, as I watched it drag its way through five painfully uninspired sets, I quoted Latin to myself for a change, feeling that I had already trespassed sufficiently on Mr. James Agate's French preserves. A Horace tag—or was it Virgil?—came back to my mind: "Stat magni nominis umbra." Which, being freely translated, means that where their play is concerned they are a hell of a long way from what they were. Jack Crawford won in the end, but he only won because Menzel was wet through with exhaustion. That is to say, he did not win because of any constructive campaign on his own part. He simply went on returning the ball to a good length to his opponent's back-hand, and hoping that the gentleman from Prague—that sounds like the first line of a limerick—would eventually lift it out of court. Which was what usually happened. As for enterprise, fire, majesty, sheer speed or sheer beauty of stroke, I would just as soon have watched the finals in an evening newspaper's tournament for those who have never competed in a tournament before. There might at least have been some underlying excitement in the latter match, and there was certainly none in the former until just before the end, when Menzel, from having been five-love down in the fifth set, caught up to within a point of five-all, and by that time most of the spectators had fallen into a comatose state, except for Lady Ravensdale and Lady Jowitt, who a few seats away from where I was sitting never stopped talking in what is known as an animated way throughout the afternoon. They clearly found each other's conversation vastly more stimulating than the tennis, and though as a rule nothing maddens me more than the type of spectator who chooses Wimbledon as the venue for a cosy afternoon's chat, yet in this case I found myself envying them their companionship, and wishing sadly at the same time that more of the stars would follow the admirable example of Miss Elizabeth Ryan, who had the courage to leave the arena at her peak, instead of embarrassing her friends and admirers, and compelling them to watch each year the increasing measure of her disintegration as a player, which is what poor Jack Crawford is asking us to do. It is true, I agree, that he just succeeded in putting out Menzel, who was the last of the seeded eight, but then, in my opinion, Menzel himself did not deserve such an honour as to be seeded on his present form. While as for Crawford, he looks on court as though all his former zest, as well as his genius for the game, has departed, and he only goes on playing because he has nothing better to do with his time. Which is a sad end to the career of such a great sportsman, who has always behaved with scrupulous good manners on the court. As regards years, I know he is still a comparatively young man, but although Borotra is ten years his senior, he gives the impression of being ten years his junior, and still leaps about the court and crashes the net like a young ram. It is sad to think that he has passed from the singles. It makes one almost wish that specially for his benefit the matches could be reduced to three-set dimensions. "Mais ça, c'est une autre chose," as a waiter remarked to me last week-end when I was in Paris, and was intrigued to see such a traffic in men passing through a door that led upstairs in what appeared to be an extremely respectable night club.

Hence the gallant attempt at French in my article this week. Once more I repeat, "Le roi est mort. Vive le Roi!" For there are two passings—one, I hope, of only temporary duration—of which I must make some comment before I close this week. The first is the passing of Mr. F. R. Burrow, who has retired from being the referee of the Championships after eighteen years' devoted service and flawless management. His place has been taken by another admirable tournament referee, Mr. Hamilton Price, to whom I wish all success and equal length of tenure of office. But all the same I must confess it was with a pang I passed the referee's hut this week and failed to see that familiar figure with the glasses half-way down the nose, and the stub of a cigar judiciously raised between his two forefingers as he contemplated which of the many stars at his disposal should have the pride and privilege of playing the next day on the Centre Court.

His good manners, his shrewd judgment and his immense knowledge of the game have been captured, I am glad to say, between the covers of a book which is called "The Centre Court," and has just been published by Eyre and Spottiswoode.



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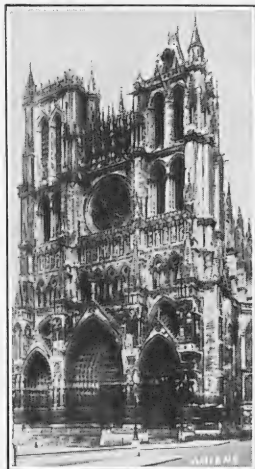
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## NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street. A dear old London couple, pitifully poor, are badly needing a holiday; the wife had a major operation five years ago and has been frail and ailing ever since. They are both 69 years old, and are devoted to each other. They have not seen the country for several years; but with £6 we can send them for a fortnight to a cottage in Buckinghamshire. Will some kind-hearted person whose holiday is a yearly certainty help us to give this great happiness to this charming couple?

Lady Maud Carnegie presided at a meeting held in Lady Shaftesbury's town house, Eaton Square, recently, when the committee met who are organising the Empire Ball at Grosvenor House, which will take place on July 6.

Lady Emmott made a most interesting announcement when she told the distinguished company that, for the first time in the history of such functions, there would be boxing and wrestling bouts after supper.

"Mrs. Neville-Rolfe," Lady Emmott said, "has been able to get Mr. Len Harvey to give an exhibition, and a world-renowned wrestler, Mr. Bob Gregory, will wrestle for a trophy which has been put up by Mr. Harold Lane, the London promoter."

"I am also very pleased to tell you that Mr. Ralph Lynn has consented to be timekeeper at the Harvey fight, and that Mr. Michael Beary, Mr. Carslake, Mr. Donoghue, Mr. Sirett and Mr. Weston, the well-known jockeys, will ride hobby-horses in a race organised by Lady Cadogan and Mr. Freddie Fox."

There are many more attractions and already there have been given more than 100 prizes which will be distributed at the Ball.

The D'Oyly Carte Opera Company at Sadler's Wells Theatre are having an unprecedented season and playing to packed houses at every performance. The season will last until July 17, and on Monday next they enter upon the sixth week of their Gilbert and Sullivan repertoire. The programme for this week is as follows: Monday, *Ruddigore*; Tuesday, *The Mikado*; Wednesday, *Cox and Box* and *H.M.S. Pinafore*; Thursday, *Patience*; Friday, *The Gondoliers*; Saturday, both matinée and evening, *Iolanthe*.



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Society and the stage are combining forces for a theatrical supper-party to be held at the Dorchester on Wednesday, July 21, in aid of the Vic-Wells Completion Fund, which was inaugurated two months ago with a view to raising the last £30,000 required for the final establishment of the Old Vic and Sadler's Wells theatres on a self-supporting basis. The programme for July 21 includes dancing to Jack Jackson and his band and a midnight supper-party. Colonel de Basil's Ballets Russes with all the principal artists have kindly promised to appear in a programme especially devised for the occasion. Some very large and gay parties have been arranged for the dance, amongst others by Sir Edward Marsh, Lady Violet Bonham-Carter, Lady Diana Cooper and the Hon. Mrs. Edwin Montagu, Lady Colefax and Mrs. Gladwyn Jebb, Lord Hambleton, Miss Olga Lynn and the Hon. James Smith, and Mr. Ivor Novello. Other well-known people who are coming to the party include the Hon. Anthony Asquith, Lady Juliet Duff, Sophy, Lady Hall, Lady Hudson, Lady Jowitt, Freda, Countess of Listowel, Lady Moira Lyttelton, Mrs. Gilbert Miller, Mr. John McMullin, Mrs. Anthony de Rothschild, Lady Sinclair, Lady Clementine Waring and Mrs. Woolley-Hart.

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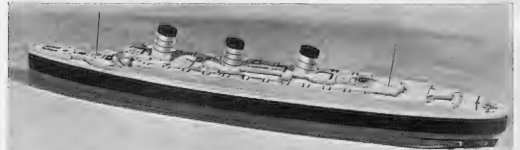
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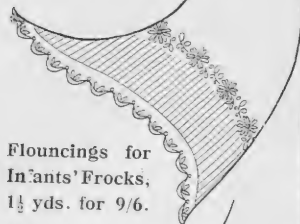


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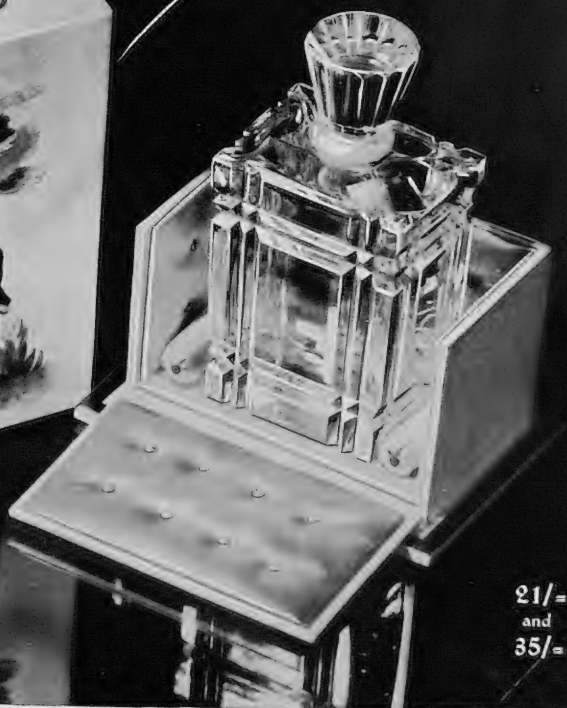
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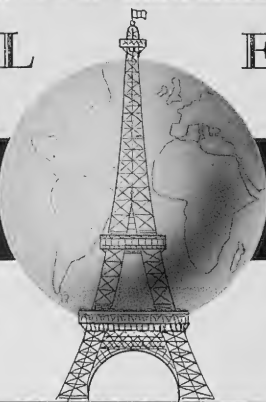
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Walpoles' Sale offers you dresses at their loveliest, at prices which will cause many a gasp of pleasure. Walpoles' famous linens will be here too, also reduced in price. A Sale List will be sent you if you simply cannot come.

# Walpoles

## SUMMER SALE

**T. 1.**  
Beautifully fashioned for all figures, this lovely Clifton Dress, suitable for reception or garden-party wear, comes in a range of delightfully soft colours. Hips: 38-44 ins.  
Usual Price 5 guineas.  
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Useful Dress and Coat for afternoon and general wear, made in a wide range of Printed Crepes. Sizes: 38-44 ins.  
Usual Price 98/6.  
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**T. 3.**  
Lovely Summer Dress in Hungarian design Voile on White ground, trimmed dainty collar and cuffs. Sizes 38-44 ins.  
Usual Price 49/6.  
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87-91 NEW BOND STREET.

175-176 SLOANE STREET. 108-110 KENSINGTON HIGH STREET.



## "In Quest of Good Hotels"

By Ashley Courtenay

British Hotels used to be the Aunt Sally of any chance journalist in search of "copy" and sundry other dyspeptic persons. That is no longer the case. And, although the Englishman is primarily a home-lover, hotels have adapted themselves to his increasing wayfaring proclivities. But hotels are as different and individual as their visitors. Mr. Courtenay, with a rare combination of "flair" and experience, is becoming the recognized connecting link.

Hotels are his hobby and his profession. More and more people are enjoying his weekly articles on the subject in "THE SPHERE" and every morning he receives enquiries for detailed information. Unlike explorers whose activities devolve some 1000 miles up the Amazon, Mr. Courtenay's "discoveries" make excellent objectives for all who like a week-end in the country . . . or just somewhere to stay for a social event in town or country.

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Every Friday—Price One Shilling

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Since 1934, 16,000 copies have been sold of "Let's Halt Awile"—a description of hotels, inns and guest-houses personally "discovered" by Mr. Ashley Courtenay. Vol. I.—Kent, Surrey, and Sussex. Vol. II.—Devon and Cornwall. It is obtainable through your usual book-seller, or 15. 3d. post free, from Ashley Courtenay Ltd., 68, St. James's Street, London, S.W.1.

# Two wonderful 'sheers'



Regd. Trade Mark



ONE FOR EVENING AND ONE FOR AFTERNOON



**MIRELLE**—the sheerest Aristoc for great evening occasions—a high bred stocking, silk from top to toe—a frankly class-conscious stocking for women who can afford to pay six and eleven just for the pleasure of wearing them.

6/11 a pair.

**ARISTOC 255** A thought less sheer than Mirelle, perhaps, but a lovely afternoon 'sheer.' Ever sighed for 'sheers' that really will stand up to wear? Sigh no more, ladies. Aristoc 255 is the answer.

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THE ARISTOCRAT OF SILK STOCKINGS **3/11 to 10/6**



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cool as crystal

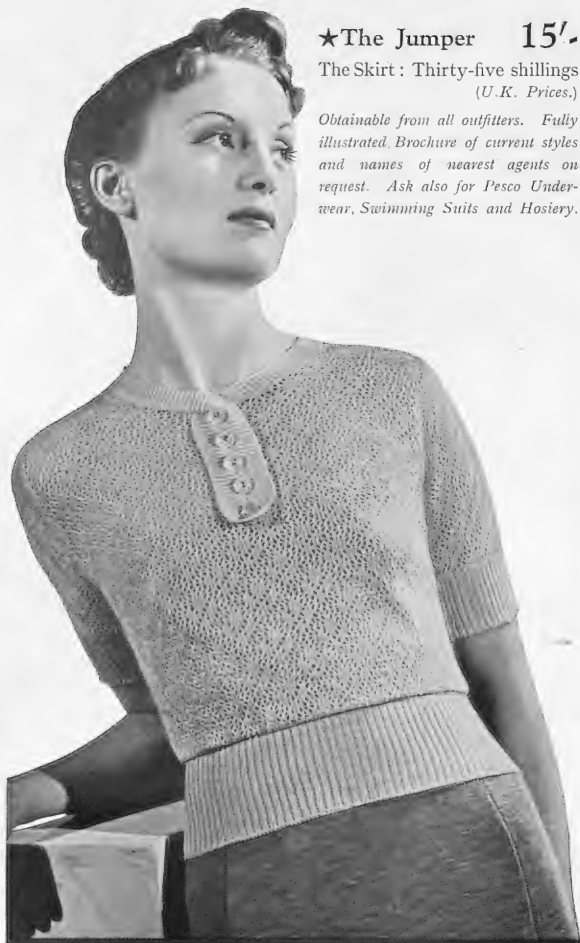
Five crystal buttons symbolise the coolness of this lacy lisle jumper. It is made in white, in pastel shades and in clear vivid colours, and its serene simplicity is most refreshing to behold. Its wearer can be calm and confident in the knowledge that she is looking her best, even in the most torrid heat-wave.



## ★The Jumper 15/-

The Skirt: Thirty-five shillings  
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Obtainable from all outfitters. Fully illustrated Brochure of current styles and names of nearest agents on request. Ask also for Pesco Underwear, Swimming Suits and Hosiery.



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Golf will cost me a fair amount, and of course Eleanor will have her tennis (anyone would think you wanted to buy the courts at the Backhand Club). What a packet old Crabface makes out of his bathing huts—they say he owns half the front! Well, it looks like I won't be able to afford more than a couple of evenings on the dance floor, especially if the family finds out Clark Cooper's at the *Expensif* (4/6 a stall in the season)—and last year we had to go "out" to get a decent dinner. What's this I'm having—a holiday? Can't I have an alternative instead?

*The Palace*, which costs no more to stay-at than any other first class hotel, provides, and includes in its terms, golf on the short course and free golf on Churston Course, tennis (outdoor and indoor), croquet, bowls, squash, badminton, swimming, dancing, gymnasium, sun lounges and talkies. No wonder you have to book early.

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R.M.S. "QUEEN MARY."  
Overall Length 34'. Price including packing, £33.0. Carriage ex. Inland 1/6 each; Abroad 5/9 each.

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Interest in our Fleet and our mighty ocean Liners was never greater than it is to-day. From the designs of G. H. Davis (Special artist of "The Illustrated London News") have been produced accurate scale working models of our mightiest battleship H.M.S. *Nelson*, the latest type of cruiser, H.M.S. *Southampton*, and our greatest liner, R.M.S. *Queen Mary*. Each floats perfectly and is electrically propelled; they are offered at exceptionally low prices. Details of H.M.S. *Southampton* (not illustrated): Length 231'. Price 30/- (carriage—Inland, 1/6; Abroad, 4/-).

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Orders with remittance should be sent to The London Electrotape Agency Ltd., (Dept. T.5.), 23-24, Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4, where models can be seen.



This model represents the beginning of Mons. Vasco's now world-famous Curls fashions, March, 1936.



PHOTOGRAPHS OF SOME OF MONS.

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MOST WONDERFULLY SUCCESSFUL  
ORIGINAL AND INDIVIDUAL  
HAIR FASHIONS CREATED FOR  
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All were modelled after the  
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**STEAM-POINT-WINDING-**  
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always in stock

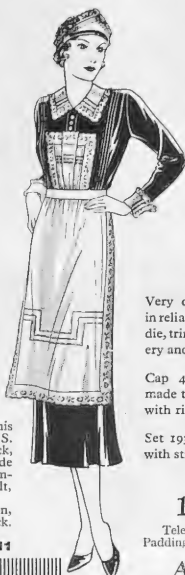
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in full colours—sent post free.



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Special value is offered in this Smart AFTERNOON DRESS. Semi-fitting style with V-neck, two inverted pleats either side in front of skirt, giving a slimming effect. All-round belt, made in Wool Repp. Colours: Sage, Brown, Green, Wine, Grey, Navy and Black. Unlined. Women's 16/11 O.S. 18/11



### APRON 735

Very dainty Afternoon Apron in reliable White British Organdie, trimmed attractive embroidery and stitching. Each 2/11

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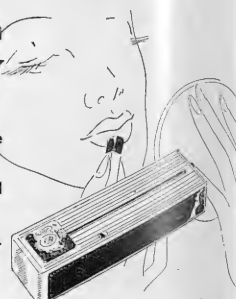
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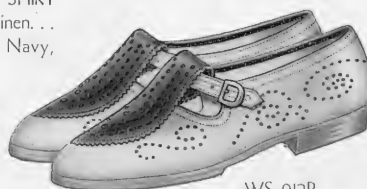
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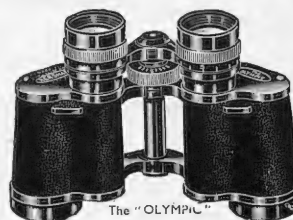
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Your lips will be admired for their irresistible youthful appeal if you use Tangee Lipstick. Tangee ends that "painted look" ... brings out the natural beauty of your lips because Tangee isn't paint. Made with the magic Colour Change Principle,

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● In two sizes. Supplied in  
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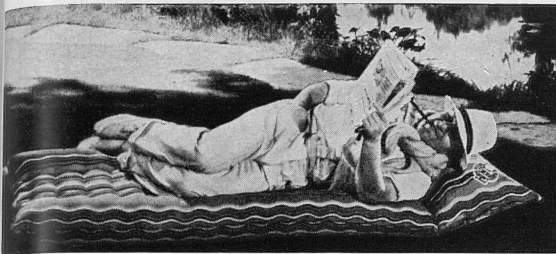
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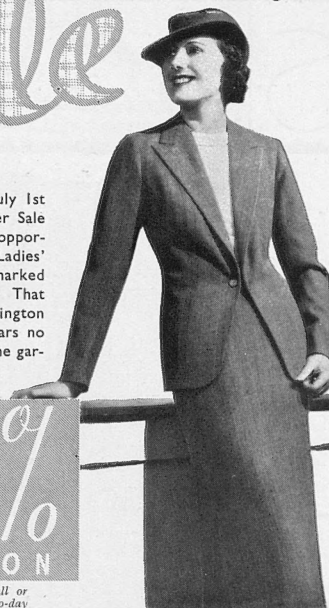
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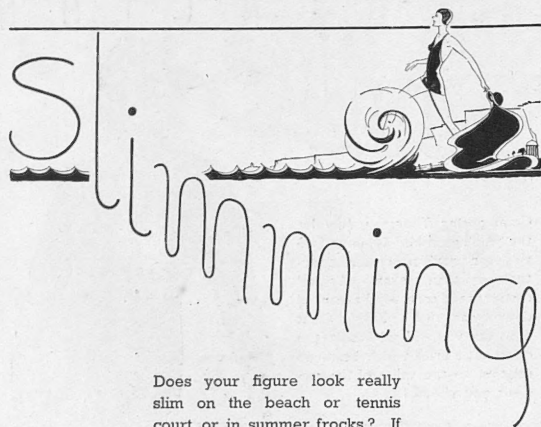
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WEEK-END AIR RALLY FROM GREAT BRITAIN TO DEAUVILLE.  
In July and August:  
33 days of Horse Races on Two Race Courses. £50,000 in Prizes.  
Sunday, August 22nd: GRAND PRIX DE DEAUVILLE.  
**ROULETTE — BANQUE OUVERTE — BACCARAT**  
F. ANDRÉ, Managing Director. Same management as Casino Municipal, Cannes.

# GERMANY



Famous Cities—the lovely Rhine Country; Baden-Baden and the Black Forest; the Hartz Mountains; Bavarian Alps—a land of history, music, art and science.

**CHEAP TICKETS**  
60% Reduction in German Rail Fares, and Travel Reichsmarks (approx. 20 to £) make holidays inexpensive.

Full particulars from Continental Traffic Manager L.N.E.R., Liverpool St. Station, London, E.C.2. or Hull; 71 Regent St., W.1; Wm. H. Muller & Co. (London) Ltd., 86 Haymarket, S.W.1, and 78 Moorgate, E.C.2; L.N.E.R. Stations, Offices and Agencies.

## VIA HARWICH

FLUSHING THE HOOK  
ZEELAND DAY LINE L.N.E.R. NIGHT ROUTE

### CONTINENTAL HOTELS

#### AUSTRIA

Semmering.—  
Suedbahnhotel The Golfer's Home.—  
Open-air swimming pool.

#### BELGIUM

Knocke-Zoute.—Palace Hotel.—Facing Sea and Bathing. Mod. terms. Nr. Casino. Golf. Tennis. Tel. Add.: Palace, Knocke.  
Knocke-Zoute.—The Rubens Hotel.—The finest hotel in the best position on sea front near Casino. Free conveyance to links.

#### CZECHOSLOVAKIA

Franzensbad, C.S.R.—Hotel Königgrätz.—The best place for Rheumatic-Heart complaints and Women's functional disorders. Prospects.

#### FRANCE

Antibes.—Hotel Du Cap d'Antibes.—  
Pavillon Eden Roc  
Winter and Summer Residence.  
Cap-Martin.—Cap-Martin Hotel.—Free bus service with Monte-Carlo & Menton. Tennis, swim pool, 15 ac. priv. pk. Incl. fr. 70 Frs. w. bath fr. 85 Frs.  
Monte-Carlo.—Le Grand Hotel.—350 rooms, 280 bath. Entirely renovated 1934. Inclusive fr. 65 Frs. With bath fr. 80 Frs. Open all year.  
Monte-Carlo.—The Monte-Carlo Palace.—1st cl., up-to-date, facing Casino, sea view, open all the year. Inclusive fr. 50 Frs., with bath fr. 65 Frs.  
Le Touquet.—Hotel des Anglais.—In forest adjoining Casino. Every possible comfort. Large park. Own bus to Golf and Sea. Moderate.  
Le Touquet, P. de C.—Golf Hotel.—Facing Links. Visitors have privilege of daily green fees. Open until October.  
Le Touquet.—Hotel Regina.—Facing Sea, opposite Swimming Pool. First-class residential hotel. Attractive inclusive rates.

#### GERMANY

Baden-Baden.—"Bellevue."—The well-known first-class Family Hotel in five acres own park. Most reasonable rates. Prospects.  
Baden-Baden (Black Forest).—  
Brenner's Stephanie.—The leading hotel.  
Baden-Baden (Black Forest).—  
Brenner's Park Hotel.—  
Pension from M. 14.  
Baden-Baden.—Bühlerhöhe.—800 mt. (2,600 ft.). Kurhaus and Sanatorium. Diets, Rest-cures. Pension from RM.11 upwards.  
Baden-Baden.—Hotel Europa.—Most beautiful position opposite Casino. Modernly renovated. 200 beds. Rooms fr. RM.5. Pension fr. RM.11.  
Baden-Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Wholly renovated, facing Kurpark, a home from home. Manager's wife English. Prices moderate.

#### GERMANY—continued.

Baden-Baden.—Holland Hotel.—150 beds, large park, close Casino. Pension terms RM. 11-up. Personal management: H. A. Rössler.  
Baden-Baden.—Hotel Stadt Strassburg.—Fr. Hoellischer. First-class family hotel. Full pension from RM. 8.  
Bad Kissingen.—Staat Kurhaushotel.—World renowned house, mineral baths in hotel. Garages.  
Bad Kissingen.—Hotel Reichshof.—Distinguished Family Hotel. Opposite park.  
Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Augusta Victoria.—Sited directly opposite the Baths. Park. Every comfort. Full pension from RM. 9.  
Bad Nauheim.—The Carlton.—Old established, comfortable, thoroughly up to date; exceptional position by park. 20 yards from baths.  
Bad Nauheim.—Jeschke's Grand Hotel.—The leading hotel. Open as usual, but better than ever. Special reduced rates in 1937.  
Bad Nauheim.—Hilbert's Park Hotel.—1st-class Family Hotel. Unique location in quietest position of the Kur-Park opp. Baths & Springs.  
Bad Nauheim.—Der Kaiserhof.—First-class hotel. Large garden, golf, baths and Kurpark. 150 rooms, 50 bath. Pension from RM.11.  
Bad Nauheim.—Palast Hotel.—Most beautiful position facing the Kurpark and Baths. Ex. cuisine, special diets. Pension from RM. 10.  
Bad Schwalbach (Taunus) Staat.—Kurhotel.—Every room with private toilet and balcony. Built 1931. Terms from RM. 10.50.  
Cologne.—Hotel Comedienhof.—Nr. Str. & Cathl. New wdg. Dec. 30. Rms. fr. RM. 4, lav. & toil. fm. RM. 6 pr. bath fr. RM.8. Gar. A. Grieshaber, Mgr.  
Cologne.—Excelsior Hotel Ernst.—The leading hotel of Cologne. Opposite the Cathedral.  
Cologne.—Hotel Fürstenhof am Dom.—Up-to-date, renovated in 1937. Connected with Restaurant and Café. Director Otto Holl.  
Cologne.—Hotel Monopol—Metropol.—The modern home for travellers. First class Restaurant.  
Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The leading hotel. Unique pos. on river. Garden-park. Terraces. Restful rates. Gar. Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider.  
Dresden.—Hotel Schiller.—The latest first-class hotel. World-renowned, distinguished family-home. Near station.  
Düsseldorf.—Bahnhof Hotel.—The first class Hotel facing the Station. 120 bedrooms, 20 private bathrooms. Garages. Restaurant.  
Düsseldorf.—Freidenbacher Hof.—L. ht. World rev'd. Fav. home of intern. soc. Fam. "Grill." Am. bar. Orch. Gar. 150 r. fr. 6. 75 Fr. B. fr. 0.  
Frankfurt-am-Main.—Hotel Excelsior.—Left exit of Central Station. 300 beds, from RM. 4.

#### GERMANY—continued.

Frankfurt-on-Main.—  
Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—  
Leading, but not expensive Grill-room. Bar.  
Frankfurt (on-the-Main).—Park Hotel.—Near Central Station. Famous for its Hors d'Oeuvres. Rooms fr. M. 5. Garage & pumps on premises.  
Freiburg.—Hotel Zähringer Hof.—The leading hotel of the district; thoroughly first-class; 100 beds, 50 bathrooms.  
Garmisch Partenkirchen.—Hotels Gibson/Schönblick.—First-class houses. All modern comfort, near sporting grounds. Mod. terms.  
Garmisch.—Bavarian Alps.—Sonnenbiel.—Golf Hotel.—Facing the Zugspitze. First-class family hotel. Excellent Cuisine.  
Heidelberg.—Hotel Europa.—First class. Quiet location in old park. Rooms from RM.5.  
Heidelberg, Black Forest.—Hotel Reichspost.—The Hotel for Personal Service, Comfort and Refinement in the Black Forest.  
Hundseck, nr. Baden-Baden.—Kurhaus & Restaurant Hundseck.—(2552 ft.). Sit. on the Black Fst. 190 beds. All m. c.f. Pens. fr. RM. 7 to RM. 9.  
Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest and most perfect hotel building. Select home of Intern. Soc. and Arist'c. Man. by M. Hartung. Coun. of Com.  
Munich.—Grand Hotel Continental.—Where everyone feels at home. Quiet location. Moderate terms. Garage.  
Munich.—Hotel Grunewald.—Opposite central station. 300 beds. Every comfort. Bierstube.  
Munich.—Hotel "Der Königshof" Karlsplatz.—First-class. Central situation. 150 rooms. 50 baths. From 5 Mk. New garage in hotel.  
Munich.—Park Hotel.—Well-known family house. All rooms with hot and cold running water. Most reasonable rates.  
Nuremberg.—Hotel Königshof.—All comforts, moderate prices. Situated at entrance of the old town. Opposite the station.  
Sand.—Kurhaus Sand.—R.A.C. Hotel (2,900 ft.) Black Forest, near Baden-Baden. Lake and sunbathing, fishing, incl. terms fr. Mk. 5. Catalogues.  
Sasbachwalden Black Forest.—Landhaus Fuchs.—20 mls. fr. Baden-Baden, a country house designed for the few-priv. swim. pl. R.A.C., N.T.C. hl. Stuttgart.—Hotel Graf Zeppelin.—Facing main station. The most up-to-date hotel in South Germany.  
Triberg-Parkhotel Wehrle.—THE Black Forest Home for English people. First-class. Fully illustrated prospectus on demand.  
Walchense.—Strandhotel Fischer.—Facing beautiful Lake, Alps. Every comfort. Pens. from 7 Mk.  
Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st-class family hotel. 300 beds. Mod. bath in hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pension from Mk. 8.

#### GERMANY—continued.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Nassauer Hof.—World rfd. Finest position opp. Park & Opera. Wiesbaden Springs. Pat. best Brit. Socy. Pens. fr. 12 Mk.  
Wiesbaden.—Palas Hotel.—1st-class hotel, opp. Kochbrunnen. Every possible comfort. Own bath establishment. Pension from RM. 10.  
Wiesbaden.—Hotel Rose.—World-renowned Hotel, own bathing establishment. Patronised by English & American Soc'y. Pen. fr. Marks 11.  
Wiesbaden.—Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten (Four Seasons).—Select home of Society. Best post. opp. Kurhaus, Opera, Parks. Pen. from RM. 12.  
Wiesbaden.—Victoria Hotel.—First-class family hotel. Thermal baths, own spring, garage. Pension from 8 Marks.  
ITALY  
Stresa.—Lake Maggiore, Regina Palace Hotel.—On the lake. Pension from Lire 50. Tennis. Golf. Orchestra.  
SWITZERLAND  
Guntten.—Park Hotel (Lake Thun).—Full stn. on Lake front. Large Park. Garage. 1st cl. fam. hotel. Bathing. Ten. Golf. Pens. fr. Fr. 11.50 up.  
Lausanne.—Hotel Maurice.—On the lake. 100 beds. The best first-class hotel. Inclusive terms 10/- garden. Garage.  
Lausanne.—Victoria Hotel.—(First-class). The most comfortable at the station. Most moderate terms. Personal attention.  
Lucerne.—Hotel Beau-Rivage.—Facing Lake, next door to Casino. First class. Excellent food. Pension from S. Frs. 13.  
Lucerne.—Carlton Hotel.—1st Class English house. Finest situation on lake. Open-air rest. Private lake baths free for guests. Pk. Ten. Gar.  
Lucerne.—The National.—Ideal location on lake. World known for comfort and personal attention.  
Lucerne.—The Palace.—A de luxe hotel in unrivalled sit., directly on lake-front, quiet—yet central. Write for new brochure and map "E".  
Montreux.—Montreux Palace Hotel.—Ideal for holidays at all seasons. All rooms fac. lake. Mod. Comfort. Golf Tennis, Lge. Pk. Gar. Beh.  
Thun.—Hotel Bellevue and Park.—Central for excursions. Pension from Fr. 10. Large hotel. Tennis, Swimming and Golf.  
Wengen.—Grand Hotel Belvedere.—1st-cl. hotel with every mod. com., ex. cuis., lge. gar., swim., tennis, mountaineering, all incl. rates from 15/-.  
Wengen.—Palace.—The leading Hotel of the Jungfrau District. Inclusive terms from Frs., 14.50. F. Bortor, Propr.  
YUGOSLAVIA  
Bled on Lake Blejsko-Jecero.—Gd. Hotel Toplice.—1st. cl. hotel. Spld. posit. on lake. Swim. pool. Enq. Yugoslav. Express Agcy. 25, Cockspur St., S.W.1.



# JAEGER



Is the female of the species more deadly than the male? The question is settled, fairly finally, on this page. Look at these loose box coats, plaid jackets with trouser skirts, herringbone capes and skirts with check jackets, and coloured scarves that pick out the bright flecks in the tweeds. And observe that you can wear any of these off the hill with the same éclat. Other marvels in the bag include knitted blouses, and shooting scarves with guns and feathers on them. They are all irresistible. As you see from the picture, even the grouse fall for them.

JAEGER SHOOTING FLOOR OPENS  
★ MONDAY, JULY 5th ★

JAEGER HOUSE, 204, Regent St., W.1